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CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume 14: Number 4: Price £1.20

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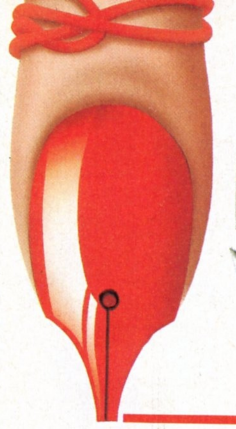


READERS WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers' Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Dressing Down

I love to be undressed by my wife. I find it's by far the most effective form of foreplay I've ever indulged in, and it always produces the best sexual results in bed if Jayne performs a striptease first . . . on me!

Because she knows I'll perform at my ultimate for her, and because she's had three years' 'experience', Jayne really has the act down to a fine art – very slow, and very deliberate. In fact, I'm so aching to go sometimes, I have to hurry her up.

Sometimes, but not always, Jayne undresses first, before she starts on me. This is a special treat: the sensation of a smooth, sweet-smelling naked woman undressing me is unbelievable, especially when I can feel her firm tits on my bare back as she undoes my trousers from behind, giving me a good feeling-up in the process.

Once she's gone through the process of removing my underpants, which are always the last to go, there's little time to spare – it's straight into action.

Sometimes it varies, in that Jayne sinks to her knees and gives me one of her expert blow jobs. Either or, the end result is always the same: sheer, unadulterated bliss.

I have to stress this is by no means the only way by which I can get my leg over – gracious me, no! – but it's far and away the *nicest* way.

Dougie G, Newark

Supergirl

Congratulations on treating us to another look at Madeleine in Club Vol 14 No 2. I remember when she featured as your cover girl on Vol 13 No 5, and how much I enjoyed her delicious features then, but your most recent set is simply brilliant.

My biggest disappointment was to discover only six pages devoted to this most beautiful of creatures. I realize it's all down to a matter of taste, but surely I must be only one of thousands who think Madeleine's pictures are just a bit special. I would have liked to have seen 12 pages minimum.

So what's so special about her? Well, I know good make-up and photography can completely transform a girl, but Madeleine has stunning good looks that would look good under any conditions. And the close-up shot of her tits on page 27 shows them up to be the works of art they are. My teeth ache every time I look at those nipples – which is often. Her wonderfully tight little arse (page 24) is also a masterpiece. Really, I could go on and on, but I think I've made my point.

With a copy of Club 14/2 in my possession, I'm a happy man. I would be an ecstatic one if you were to feature the super-sexy Madeleine again.

Russell, Selby

Supergirl's pictures are just a bit special

Park Caper

I know that people are going to call me a dirty old man when they've read this letter, but I want to let you know how I get my kicks from women.

To let you understand, I'm a 47-year-old bachelor; not a virgin, but I haven't had a steady relationship with a woman for some 17-18 years. And bearing in mind I'm not the best-looking bloke in the world (I'm being polite to myself here), I'll be extremely lucky if I manage to establish one from now on.

What I do is go out to the park in my lunch hour and watch all the pretty young things go by: working in the centre of London as I do, there's never any shortage, I can assure you! In fact, loads and loads of guys seem to take the same amount of pleasure out of it as I do, the only difference being they get their thrills by coincidence, I get mine because I deliberately go out looking for them.

What I specifically look for are girls who wear the latest-style short, clinging skirts and figure-hugging jackets. Then, I can get a better idea of their shape, and imagine better what they would look like with nothing on when I go back to the office toilet and relieve myself of the horn I always have after I've thought myself into highly erotic situations with the girls in the park.

A hidden advantage in my secret activity is, because I use up most of my lunchtimes playing at being voyeur, I amass a fortune in luncheon vouchers, which means I can go out for a slap-up curry if the weather's a bit dodgy and there aren't likely to be any of my girls in the park.

Greg, London

Best Ever

I had to write to you about your Vol 13 No 12 issue. I have been getting Club International for about two years now, and don't think I've missed a single issue.

This issue is probably your best yet, and 19-year-old Janet probably the best model you have ever published. This girl turned me on more than any other I've ever seen. She has a simply beautiful cunt and a very pretty face.

If ever she gets bored, tell her to travel up to my place: I would love to put my nine-and-a-half-inch cock into her mouth, then slowly drive it into her gorgeous, hairy cunt. Then I would open her smooth, sexy legs apart as far as possible and lick all the juices out of her gorgeous cunt until she begs me to stop.

And I'm begging *you* – give us more of Janet as soon as possible. I need to see more of her desperately.

Robert, Reading

Boss Man

I feel I have to write in reply to the letter from Heather of Leicester, *Dead-loss Men*, which appeared in Vol 14 No 2.

In it, she complained all her boyfriends were useless because they were passive lovers, just like her. Well, if it's domination she's after, I'm her man. I love to play the 'tough guy' in bed, and it makes me even more horny if my woman succumbs meekly to my every whim.

I couldn't agree more with Heather that passive women are usually the more highly-sexed ones, capable of taking everything we bossy men can throw at them.

My girlfriend's a case in point, although sometimes she's so meek and mild, I think it's all a complete act. There are times when I'm sure she'd love to get on top, but she knows I wouldn't stand for that.

Now, just because I have the 'upper hand', if you like, it doesn't mean I'm sadistic. Firm, yes; but I've never hurt a woman in my life. Sometimes I need to be firm when I want a blow job, because I occasionally meet with some resistance when I grab the back of her head to push her down to my erect cock. However, her neck muscles are no match for my strong hands, and she ends up giving me a blow job anyway.

Interestingly, she actually calls this divine activity a 'suck-job', which, when you think about it, is a more accurate description.

I'll just finish off with a message to Heather. If she cares to let me know her address, I'll come round and drag her by the hair, caveman-style, back to my den. I'll prove to her we're not all wimps. *Craig, Burnley*

Janet On Top

I want to congratulate you on the standard of Club International. It's by far the best men's magazine in the world, and the models are the most beautiful girls you can find anywhere (*OK; what do you want? – Ed.*).

In Vol 13 No 12, I think the pictures of Janet are the very best of all – she is fantastic. Generally, I like barefoot girls most of all, because girls always have small, beautiful feet, and it turns me on. And Janet's feet are very, very beautiful.

So, too, is the rest of her. She is completely nude in some pictures, and nothing can be more beautiful than an absolutely naked girl. Thank you very much for the gorgeous pictures of Janet. Please put more pictures of her (barefoot) in Club as soon as possible.

Good luck with the best magazine in the world and the best photographers. They are all virtuosos.

Stefan, Sweden

Don't make them any more big-headed than they already are, Stefan! – Ed.

Magic Machines

I must take time out from serving with my regiment in Cyprus to congratulate you on featuring the two best pieces of machinery yet to grace your pages.

I am talking about Debbie Elliott and her counterpart, Yamaha's RD500, in Vol 13 No 11. They both have the best bodywork I've *ever* seen in the business!

I hope you'll feature Debbie again, along with some other machinery to match her own!

Rogue Trooper, BFPO 53

Debbie, of course, appears in Club Biker *every month. – Ed.*

Out Of Puff

After viewing all the very sexy-looking young ladies, one of them had me really puffing and panting. I'm talking about Rita in Vol 14 No 1, with those lovely, rounded tits and a very enticing, juicy pussy. She really is something to look forward to.

And I don't half envy the photographer – who took some really stunning shots of Rita.

John, Lancs

Laundered Lust

I'm 26 years old and have a very large craving for sex. Whenever I'm out, I get very excited watching women and thinking of me making love to each and every one of them several times over, and in different positions.

Whenever I see a really nice girl, I get an immediate hard-on. And then I have to make a bee-line for home, get it out, and wank over this girl. I think of them with just their stockings and suspenders on, which really turns me on no end.

Janet – beautiful from the feet up

The other day, while doing my washing at the launderette, I met this lovely blonde, who was wearing a really tight leather mini skirt and stockings and suspenders which, when she bent over, revealed a lovely bulge. This was, of course, her sex peeping between her legs.

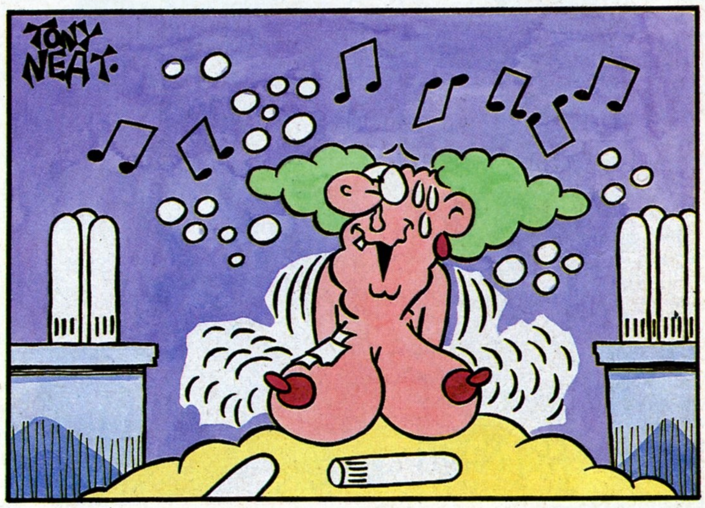
I went up to her and told her what was going on every time she bent over. That only served to make her bend over right in front of me, revealing her cunt again. I couldn't help myself – I just had to touch it, and she groaned with pleasure when I did.

I was all alone with her and soon I was sliding both my hands around her bum. I slipped one finger under her pants and started to caress her clit.

She went wild, and asked me straight away to make love to her. The lump in my trousers was now very large, and eager to get between her legs, so I unzipped my fly and rolled out my swollen tool.

I pushed her panties down

VIBES by Tony Neat



You put the left vibe in and the left vibe out, the right vibe in and you shake it all about

READERS WRITES

and entered her. She was very wet, so it went in quite easily. We were soon both enjoying the lovemaking, and she was making some really loud noises.

I kept on pumping in and out of her sex until I could feel myself coming, so I pulled out, turned her around and put my hot tool right into her mouth up to my balls. I must have gone halfway down her throat, which was a lovely feeling. Then I unloaded all my come into her mouth, and she drank the lot.

She started to play with my cock, and it wasn't long before I was hard again. When I was up, she lay on the floor and opened her legs wide. This was an invitation I just couldn't refuse. I mounted her and pumped away, taking really long strokes – she enjoyed this no end.

I lifted her legs on to my shoulders in order to gain more entry room and continued to pump as hard and as fast as I could. Soon, we both exploded in orgasm and all I could do was lie on top of her until my tool slipped out of her juicy, wet cunt.

Before I left, I made sure she would be back again the following week, and indeed she was. I've even persuaded her to come round to my place during the week.

SM, Surrey.

Girl George

I had worked with Georgie for about 18 months, and had never really thought too much about her. She was a pleasant young girl of 20, who, I had heard, had a fiancé and lived with her parents. Perhaps it was because of this knowledge I never paid more than a passing interest to her body – she had small, shapely tits and nice, rounded hips. She was attractive, but not overly sexy.

A friend, who also worked in the office, was getting married, and we naturally had the usual collection for a gift. Georgie purchased the gift, and I was asked to give her a lift home with it so she could wrap it up.

Georgie looked especially nice as she got into my car after work. She was wearing a blue sweater, a tight-fitting grey skirt with a split at the back and either black tights or stockings (I hoped they were stockings).

When we reached her home, I carried the present in to the house, and she asked me to stay for a coffee. Her parents were visiting some friends for the evening, she explained. After we'd chatted for about 20 minutes, the 'phone rang. It was her fiancé, Steve, saying he couldn't make it that night.

After the 'phone call, Georgie's mood changed. She spread herself out on the settee and asked if I had time for a stronger drink.

While I sipped my whisky, she talked, and she soon got on to the subject of sex. 'I think sexy lingerie worn by a woman really improves intercourse,' she said. I agreed.

'Do you wear sexy underwear when you make love with Steve?' I asked.

'Always. In fact, I *always* wear sexy lingerie: it makes me feel more feminine.'

'What are you wearing underneath now?'

'I'll show you.' She blushed and smiled, and stood up directly in front of me. She unzipped her skirt at the back and let it drop to the floor. She was wearing a pale blue slip.

'I hope you're wearing stockings,' I said. The slip eased on to the floor, revealing blue suspender belt, matching tight-fitting knickers and black stockings. Before I could say anything, she pulled her sweater over her head to reveal a blue underwired bra supporting her tiny breasts.

'What do you think?' she asked. I was by now ecstatic. 'Come with me,' she whispered. I followed her up the stairs, watching the movement of her beautiful, wide hips, her suspenders edging over her skin as she climbed the stairs. She led me into her bedroom.

'Would you like to wear some of my lingerie?' she asked. 'Steve likes to wear my panties and stockings while we fuck. I like him to as well.' She opened a drawer and lifted out a handful of clean, silk undies of various colours.

'Oh, I'm sorry – would you prefer to wear some used panties? I'll get some.' She lifted the lid off a washing basket in the corner of the room and picked

continued on page 67

Gi

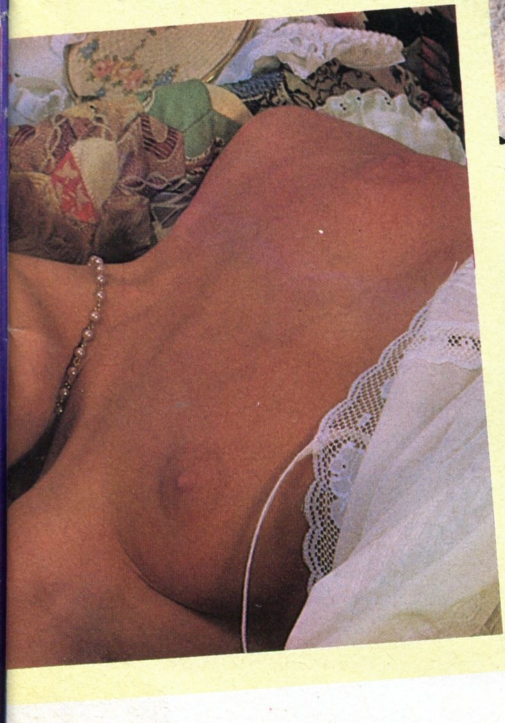
MIRANDA

Yet another gorgeous young newcomer to Club, whose motives in modelling pantie-less are more concerned with what she can get out of it sensually than what she can screw from it financially – if you see what I'm struggling to convey. This sultry 36-24-36 brunette from Elstree, Herts, is possibly better known as the partner in a thriving music publishing business, although judging by her taste in clothes (short leather coats by Japanese designers with names like horrid little cars, angora skirts, black tights, sassy high heels), you'd be forgiven for thinking she could ONLY be a centrefold princess! Miranda's gleefully wanton exhibitionism qualifies her as a complete 'natural' for glamour work. Free of the embarrassment of having to ask a naïve, ignorant or overly-innocent model to 'spread 'em', Miranda's total lack of inhibition enables the photographer to get on with the job of taking sexy pics. Indeed over the road at Sleaze St Studios, it got to the point when she needed no prompting whatever – 'riding' our rented rocking horse for dear life, quite obviously getting one helluva kick from the painted-on saddle. The definitive example of chafing at the clit? **Get your kicks from Miranda on page 76.**

l Talk

ELISE

Yessir, you're absolutely correct and no, we're neither (1) taking 'wicked bleedin' liberties' nor (2) imposing swingeing economies by featuring old photo-sets. So will you kindly fasten your raincoat and return from whence you, er, came. Elise, we freely admit, appeared in Club only a few issues back under the name of – wait for it – 'Elise'. In fact we showed rather more of her than was considered proper in that particular issue (rapped knuckles, no-constable-he's-just-popped-out) which may well explain the 30-odd letters we received, demanding more: not of the original set, that practice so beloved of downmarket smutrags, but a new, restyled shoot. And doesn't she look even better a second time around? Since her first appearance, Elise has turned 23 while her bosom measurement has turned 34″, a change which evidently has her boyfriends in raptures, while causing Elise some consternation (bloody Pill!). Otherwise, the ravages of six months have had little effect on this Sussex farmer's daughter turned advertising account manageress, and she remains every bit as 'fast, fit, and fabulously good looking' as when we last enthused. However, Elise wishes it to be known that the only Porsche she's hopping in and out of these days is her own, a Guards red 944. So if you fancy your chances, you'd better move fast. Faster than 130mph, to be precise! **Take a trip to page 53.**



CARLA

Carla. Appropriately-named, it so happens. Car-la. That rarest of rare birds, the supermodel who's made her pile by the ripe old age of 23, so colossally successful that she's free to indulge her passion for classic automobiles – by collecting them! Due in no small part to the success of her West End model agency, Carla's currently searching for a stablemate for her present *pièce de resistance*, an Autokraft Ferrari Daytona Spyder with all of 3000 on the clock and only marginally less on the speedo. She's torn between a Gullwing Mercedes and a Ford GT40, she says, and is having her accountant look into their respective investment potential. Tough at the top? Well, credit where credit's due; the lady's got up there (if you'll pardon the expression) entirely unaided: 'Mitcham seems like a dream to me now,' to quote her favourite deliberate misquote. When pressed (chance would be a fine thing) Carla confesses it isn't entirely her booming business that's got her places: 'Most top agencies have better looking girls than mine, but unlike most, mine never turn a job down – or they're out. Sex? Sex is more than just a pleasure as far as I'm concerned. It's what I'm best at, what I live for first and foremost. I like to succeed in all aspects of my life!' **Go to page 8 for a glimpse of success.**

MARIA

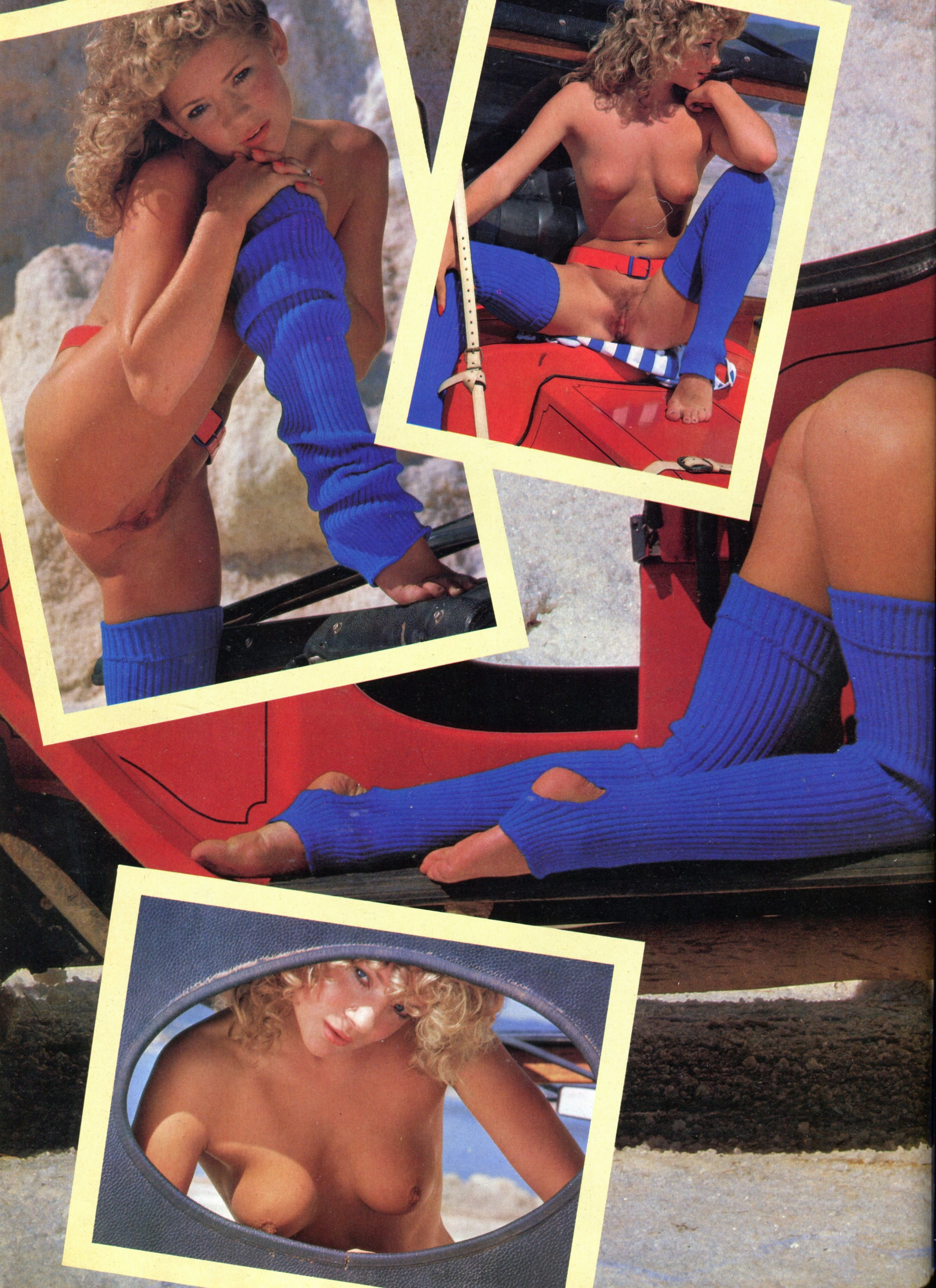
Well, yes, if you put it like that, SURE you can model for Club. Now point that thing away from my dangly bits and let me ask you a few highly personal questions. Unloaded? Of course I knew it was unloaded . . . Like most natives of rural Suffolk, this striking 26-year-old is no stranger to the traditional outdoor pursuits of hunting, shooting and fishing, as well as being a dedicated, er, conservationist. For among Maria's list of favourite pastimes is 'making love in the English countryside,' and according to her intimate knowledge of the backwaters of Suffolk there are 'well over 250 absolutely ideal sexual venues to choose from.' I can see it now: riverbanks, haylofts, hedgerows, fern clumps . . . at the mention of which Maria becomes quite animated, regaling us with gloriously smutty anecdotes of gangbangs with burly farmers' lads and moonlit skinnydips in the vicarage pond, with the vicar's spectacularly-endowed, but unfortunately far from bright, teenage son. And nowadays? 'A steady trickle of lovers, none of whom interest me greatly. And one even had the cheek to complain about my accent! Now that summer's coming and I've got time on my hands once again, I think I might look up some of my friends back home.' Give our regards to the vicar's son! **Look up Maria on page 24.**

SANDRA

Reactions to Sandra's startling attractiveness were preceded by a double-take: her straight, dark chestnut hair, girlish physique and height of barely five foot, somehow combined to give an oddly Oriental impression; shades of Suzy Wong – or was it Anna May Wong? Wong both times, of course. In fact the nearest Sandra's been to the mystic East was when she had a 'brief flirtation' with her Japanese dance tutor at drama school. Evidently the inscrutable instructor was more concerned with having Sandra wear stockings and suspenders (yes, the sleazy black variety with the Jane Russell seams) and practice Yogic contortions on his bedroom floor, than with her educational progress. 'I don't object to men being kinky in bed,' says Sandra, all matter-of-fact. 'But when they get their kicks just sitting around and watching . . .' Well, like it or not, this lovely 24-year-old-model/actress from Peking – sorry, Woking – is going to have to get used to men 'sitting and watching', because she's just been booked for a series of commercials for West German TV and because she's the subject of this month's centrespread! **It begins on page 46.**

Carla

Photographs by Serge Jacques



LIFE WITH Linz

LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in the world, writes exclusively in *Club International* . . .

I've always been a keen lover of sport, but I must admit I'd rather be cosily tucked up in bed with some hunky rugby player, than be out cheering him along on some muddy pitch, while he's head down, bum up in a scrum! Come to think of it, I've never been lucky enough to be tucked up with a rugby player – surely a situation to rectify!

Of all the sportsmen I've met, I seem to have had the most scenes with footballers. They've always had a bit of a reputation of being right randy bastards, always in the Sunday papers telling stories of wonderful illicit affairs. I've had many illicit affairs with sexy footballers, and I've noticed their bed techniques tend to be very similar.

It probably has something to do with the fact they train hard all week to last those 90 minutes each Saturday, and every time they screw, they manage to time it just the same way – a nice bit of warm-up foreplay, good hard fucking for 45 minutes, then a little breather, and another 45 minutes of amazing, vigorous screwing before they shoot their lot on the final whistle. That's if they don't get sent off beforehand!

Good Partners

No, actually, that's very harsh: footballers aren't that predictable and make very good partners in bed. One thing about them is they're always married, but who cares about a little thing like that!

A little while back, I did have a scene with a guy who was unmarried and very into football on an amateur level. He was a male model/actor. Every weekend he was either working or training, leaving little time for taking good care of me, so it didn't last long.

It was the way in which we met that was such a turn-on. I used to do a lot of modelling work for a magazine called *Man and Woman*, which was one of these build-into-an-encyclopaedia jobs on relationships, love and sex. Very tame stuff.

Anyway, I was chosen, along with this particular male model, to pose for some sexual positions – dozens and dozens of them, all supposedly simulated. When my partner, John, was first introduced to me I couldn't take my eyes off him. I knew there was no chance of any simulation; I just wanted to feel his lovely cock in me, and, thankfully, the feeling was mutual!

The funniest thing was that the poor art director and photographer were desperately shouting at us to change into another position, when we were oblivious to everything except screwing just how we felt like it. They went away and left us to it for about an hour and we managed to fuck ourselves silly, then calm down enough to simulate the sexual positions we'd had so much fun doing for real!

Sexy Cricketer

Back to the professional sporting man. I had a lovely outdoor fuck with a very sexy black cricketer. He was playing for the West Indies against Gloucester at the County Ground in Bristol. I'd seen him lots of times on TV and really fancied him. My brother always used to tease me about it as I was only 18 or 19, but I was forever ogling at this gorgeous black guy dressed up in his tight, white flannels.

When I heard that the West Indies were going to be playing nearby, I decided to take an afternoon off from my office job,

LIFE WITH Linzi

to go along and see just how hunky he really was! I arrived at the ground a bit dolled up for a cricket match and positioned myself perfectly – near to where he was fielding out deep (I think that's the correct cricketing term for a long way from the batsman!). A few bits of eye-to-eye contact and he wasn't fielding anywhere: the naughty boy was sitting down chatting me up, to the jovial jeers of the West Indian fans.

'Hey Mon, don't chat up de birds, catch de ball!' came the shouts. I think he was much more interested in me catching hold of his balls. And so was I!

When bad light stopped play, I set off back to the pavilion with him for a drink. He gulped back his drink and then dragged me out of the side door into the long grass – they don't hang around, those West Indians! He pulled down my tight jeans and began to finger my pussy. There were still a few people filing out of the ground, but that didn't seem to bother him a bit. He couldn't wait to get his hands on my eager little pussy, and his lips sucking hard on my tits.

Mind you, I wasn't averse to stroking his huge black cock. It was by far the biggest I had ever seen. My eyes nearly popped out of my head when he

unleashed this monster-sized willy from his flannels. As I wanked it up and down, it seemed to grow even larger. I couldn't take it all in my mouth, and I was wondering if I could take it all *anywhere!*

I was soon to find out. He pulled off my jeans from my ankles, spread my legs very wide, and pushed his big black beauty deep inside me. It hurt a little at first, but, within seconds, I forgot about that and was in seventh Heaven, grasping him around the waist with my legs, so as to feel him even deeper in me. I came very quickly and my cries of delight brought him to his first climax. I felt the surge of warmth from his hot come mingling with my own.

We stood up after a few moments and he began to kiss me, biting at my lips and moving his tongue around my mouth. I reached down and felt his cock, which was stiff again. He began to rub it up and down my clit, teasing me with it. In no time he was ready and he fucked me all over again as we stood leaning against the outside of the pavilion.

I spent the whole evening with him at his nearby hotel, screwing to the sound of his reggae tapes, before going home to tell my brother what a nice guy this cricketer was. ■

LIFE WITH Linzi

didn't tell him the naughty bits though. I left him to work those out for himself!

Much more recently, I had a little sporting fun at a boxing evening, in aid of charity. First came a slap-up dinner, followed by ten bouts of boxing.

Actually, boxing doesn't do a lot for me. I can't see anything amazingly appealing about two men trying to beat the shit out of each other. The strangest thing about it was, after they finish trying to knock each other senseless, they seem to be the greatest of pals and walk off together with their arms around each other!

Wicked Way

My job for the evening was to present the trophies to the boxers. They all seemed like really nice young guys, especially the randy buggers known as the *All Stars*. One of them pinned me in a corner and tried, unsuccessfully, to have his wicked way with me. He had a good old grope, though! The cloakroom lady standing opposite was not amused!

The only other time I've been involved with boxing was for the BBC. My part was to flash my tits at the audience, while going round the ring between rounds with the round cards. Unfortunately, there was a knock-out in the second round, so I didn't get too much time to shake it all about – what a waste!

Anyway, the reason I was prompted to write my column this month with a sporting theme was all down to a guy called Andrew, from Manchester, who is a regular Club International reader and a regular writer of naughty letters to me. Three so far. He's into tennis, and, hopefully, the signed photos I've sent him have helped win him a match or two. In his last letter, he asked me how I kept so fit. Well, that's a tricky one – apart from the obvious answer!

I've been meaning to take up weight training, as it seems to be all the rage these days, not to mention the added advantage of all those muscley he-men at the gyms that I'd like to get my hands on.

I haven't had much luck so far. I had a business meeting the evening before my first introductory weight training session. The meeting went well, the champagne flowed, but the next day I was laid up with a hangover (never again!). My early-morning weight training session was forgotten till I recovered later that day – and I haven't been able to face it since!

Handsome Fanatic

I did take up squash a few weeks ago, though, and all down to a fella of course! I met my handsome squash fanatic one Friday lunchtime when I delivered him a singing balloonogram for his 30th birthday. I burst into his local wine bar,

Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,

Please put my mind at rest.

We have a black American friend who visits my wife and I regularly (he's based up here with the US Forces) and we have a torrid threesome on most of his visits.

My wife, Helen, and I love watching our friends screwing and love being watched screwing with different friends. Helen says that Ralph, being black, has spunk which tastes better than anyone else's. I disagree and think she's just teasing.

To test her out, Ralph and I have blindfolded her, then let her give both of us, in turn, a good sucking till we've come in her mouth. She can *still* tell the difference.

But I think she's kidding, because Ralph's cock is a good two inches bigger than mine, and I say that's how she knows whose come she's swallowing. Do you think there's any difference between our spunk, or am I just being teased?

JD, Renfrewshire

Torrid threesomes, eh? That sounds like my idea of fun. But I think your good lady is teasing you. As far as I'm concerned, all spunk tastes the same – bloody lovely!

Dear Linzi,

On behalf of Les's, TC's, Steve's, Faggie's and Joe's pricks, we are writing to request

LIFE WITH Linzi

dressed only in sheer black stockings, suspenders, G-string and dozens of coloured balloons which were stuck all over my titties. When I presented him with a large pin, he pricked all my balloons (which makes me absolutely cringe!), leaving me to wriggle my bare breasts, sing *Happy Birthday*, and smother him in kisses.

Passionate Kisses

This time, though, the kisses were a little more passionate than usual. In fact, everyone in the wine bar was cheering like mad at our lengthy snogging session!

Well, I couldn't stand there snogging with him all day, as I had another job that afternoon, so we arranged to meet for lunch the following day at his sports club.

I borrowed some very scanty squash clothes from a girlfriend and, at the appointed time, set off to Putney for a little sport! I lost three times on the squash court, but the fun we had afterwards in the showers more than made up for that! It's a lovely feeling when you run around playing, getting hot and sweaty on the court, then cool down in a refreshing shower. It was even nicer this time 'cos Paul crept in with me and we had a lovely, slow, sensuous fuck. It's not meant to be mixed in the showers, so we were disturbed a couple of times, but we made it there in the end!

Unfortunately, my column's just about made it to the end as well, but only until next month of course. Till then, keep your hands on it, fellas!

Linzi

Letters to Linzi

that you dress up in a WRAC uniform, as we all just love to ram it up every woman officer going.

We are going on exercise for two weeks, and due to the lack of sex on the Brecons (apart from the odd sheep), we would just *love* to get back to see you in a WRAC uniform in the next issue. TC would be jerking at the thought, but he's got thrush at the moment.

Les, TC, Steve, Faggie and Joe,
Chepstow

Keep a close watch on future editions of Club, as I'll be doing another uniform set very soon, and a WRAC one is definitely top of my list. Hopefully, TC will have recovered by then so that he can have a good wank. In the meantime, have fun with the sheep!

Dear Linzi,

Club Vol 13 No 11 is almost too much to bear. Forget the other picture sets, stories and articles; *you* are the main reason this issue is so fantastic.

Being a devout lover of uniforms, you can imagine the effect your photographs had on me; my only regret being I wasn't the one to photograph you. Still, I don't think I would have managed more than a couple of shots before being bent double with a raging erection.

As many more pictures will have been taken than the 13 shown, my request is that we should have lots more uniform shots, particularly of the nun, the maid, the traffic warden and the policewoman. Alternatively, what about a special edition devoted to you with plenty of uniform pictures?

Finally, on the pictures of you dressed as a policewoman, I spotted the handcuffs, but not the truncheon. Can I assume, then, you've found the most satisfactory place to keep a truncheon?

Mike, Rhyl

Gosh, you're a uniform-loving lot, aren't you? In the past few weeks, I've hardly opened a letter which has been about anything else! I've been having a word with the Club Ed, who suggested it might be nice to do a whole series of uniform striptease as a special little extra with my column every month. We might just do that. And full marks, Mike, for guessing where I keep my truncheon!

Dear Linzi,

Every time I see one of your pictures which shows off your gorgeous boobs, I always get a strong desire to give you a good tit-fucking.

I often try to do it with my girlfriend, and she tries her best to accommodate me, but her cute titties are really just tittettes, and not really suited to the job. In order to make it more effective, we sometimes position ourselves so that she's crouching over me with her tits hanging down: as you know, that makes them a bit more 'grabable', so if she takes her own tits in her hands, she can rub them over my stiff cock till I come.

Do you enjoy being tit-fucked? If so, how often do you get one? And do you lick off all the spunk afterwards?

Allan, Hereford

To answer your questions in order, Allan: yes; very often; always. And obviously, the longer the cock, the easier it is for me to lick that clean, too.

Dear Linzi,

On behalf of 21 Platoon, who are undergoing the arduous task of Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers basic training, I am writing to you to ask you to become our pin-up.

You would have to send us your photo to frame, along with any Linzi memorabilia etc. In return, we'd send you our platoon sweatshirt, and an invitation to our party. What could you do with 35 men . . . ? Good for publicity!

We loved you in uniform, but were a little disappointed by the fact you didn't wear an Army uniform, which we hope you will soon rectify.

Anyway, we are relying on you to pull us through basic training, and, for this service, we swear loyalty to you. 21 Platoon await your reply anxiously!

Steve Davenport,
Rowcroft Barracks, Reading

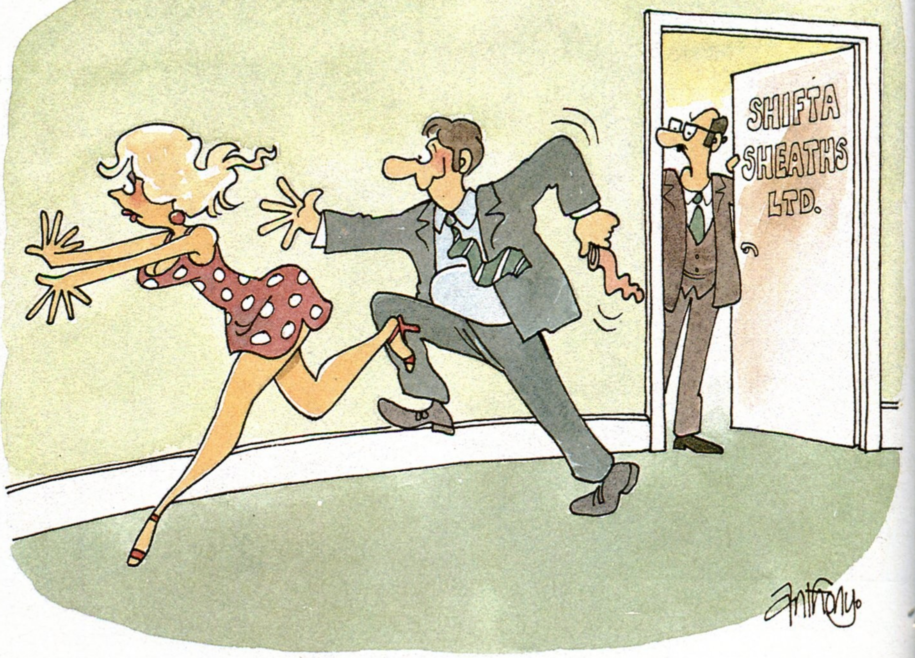
What could I do with 35 men? Good Heavens, I dread to think. Your photos are in the post; now – where's my sweatshirt . . . ?

Address your letters to
Linzi,
Club International,
2 Archer Street,
London W1V 7HE.

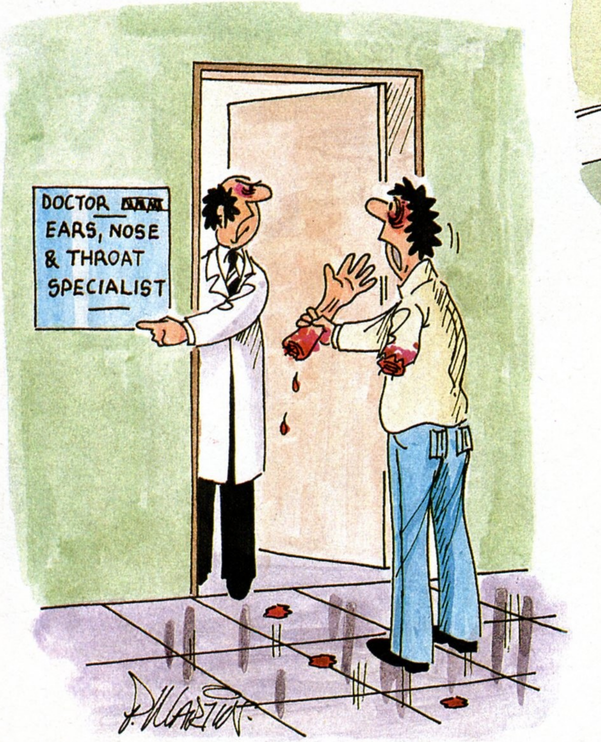
MARIA

Photographs by Ian Potter

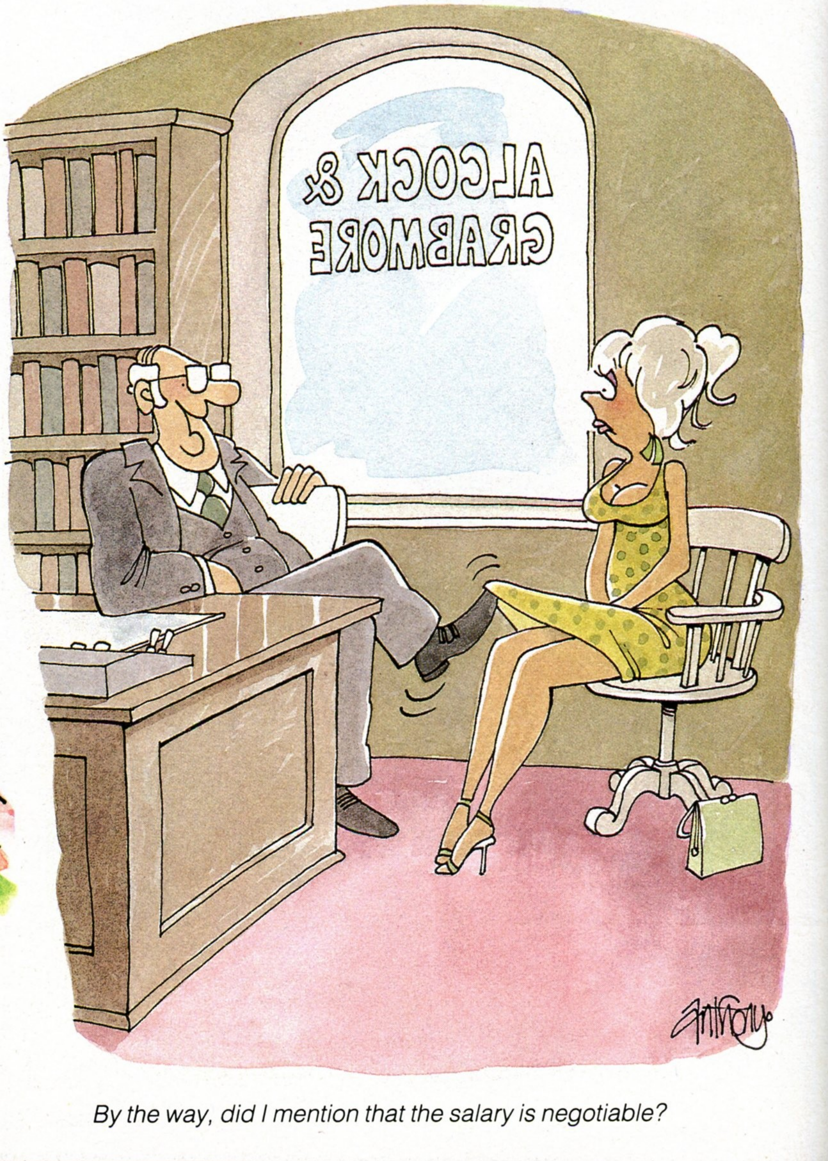
SKETCH CLUB


SHIFTA SHEATHS LTD.
Anthony

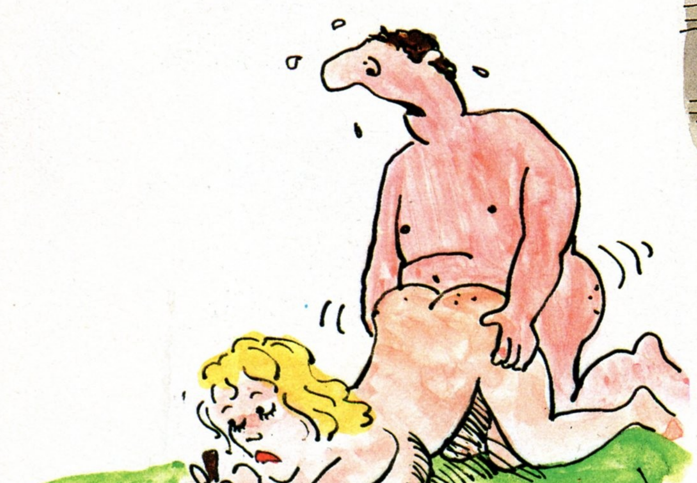
Mr Gruntall! We have a laboratory for testing the products!


DOCTOR
EARS, NOSE & THROAT SPECIALIST
D. Martin

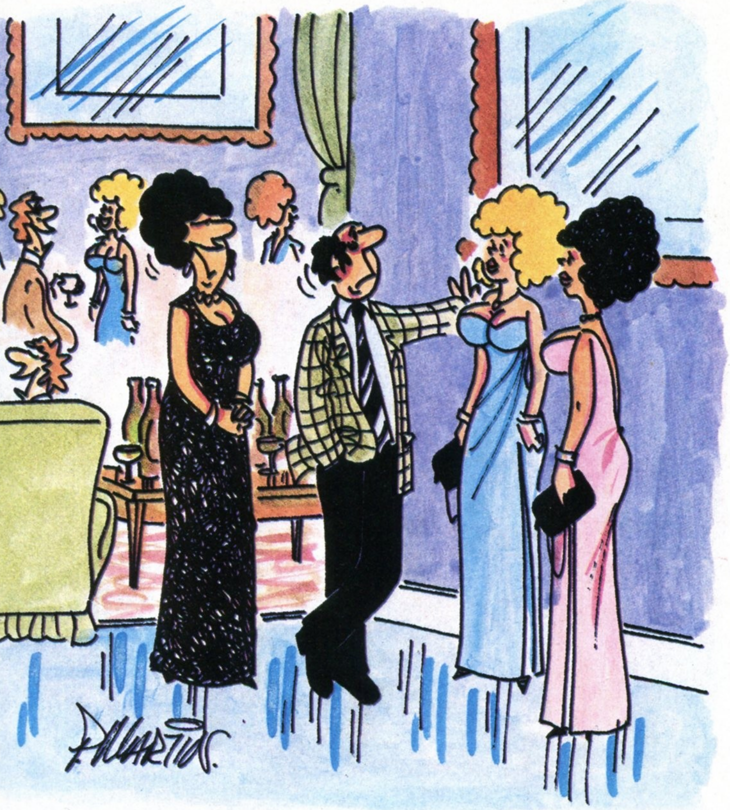
Can't you bloody read?


ALCOCK & GRABMORE
Anthony

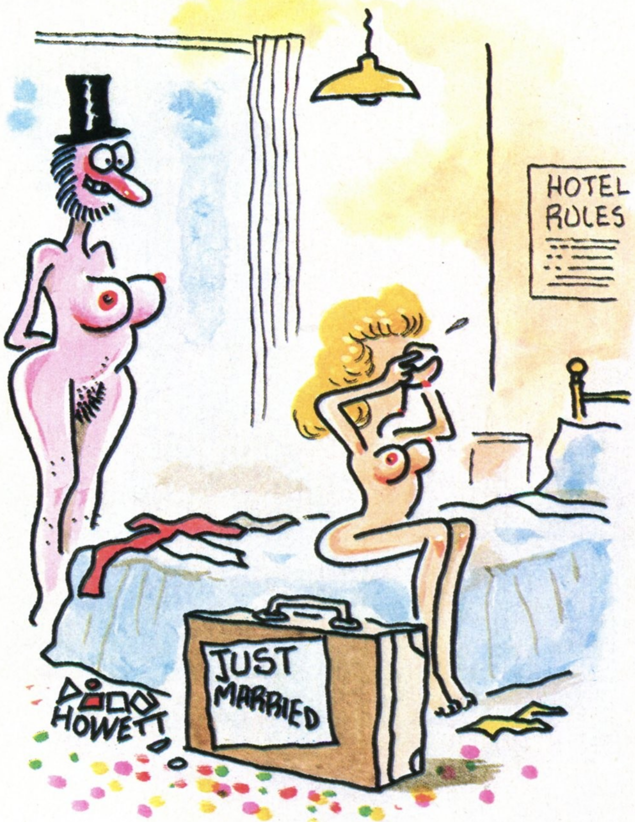
By the way, did I mention that the salary is negotiable?


Tony Husband

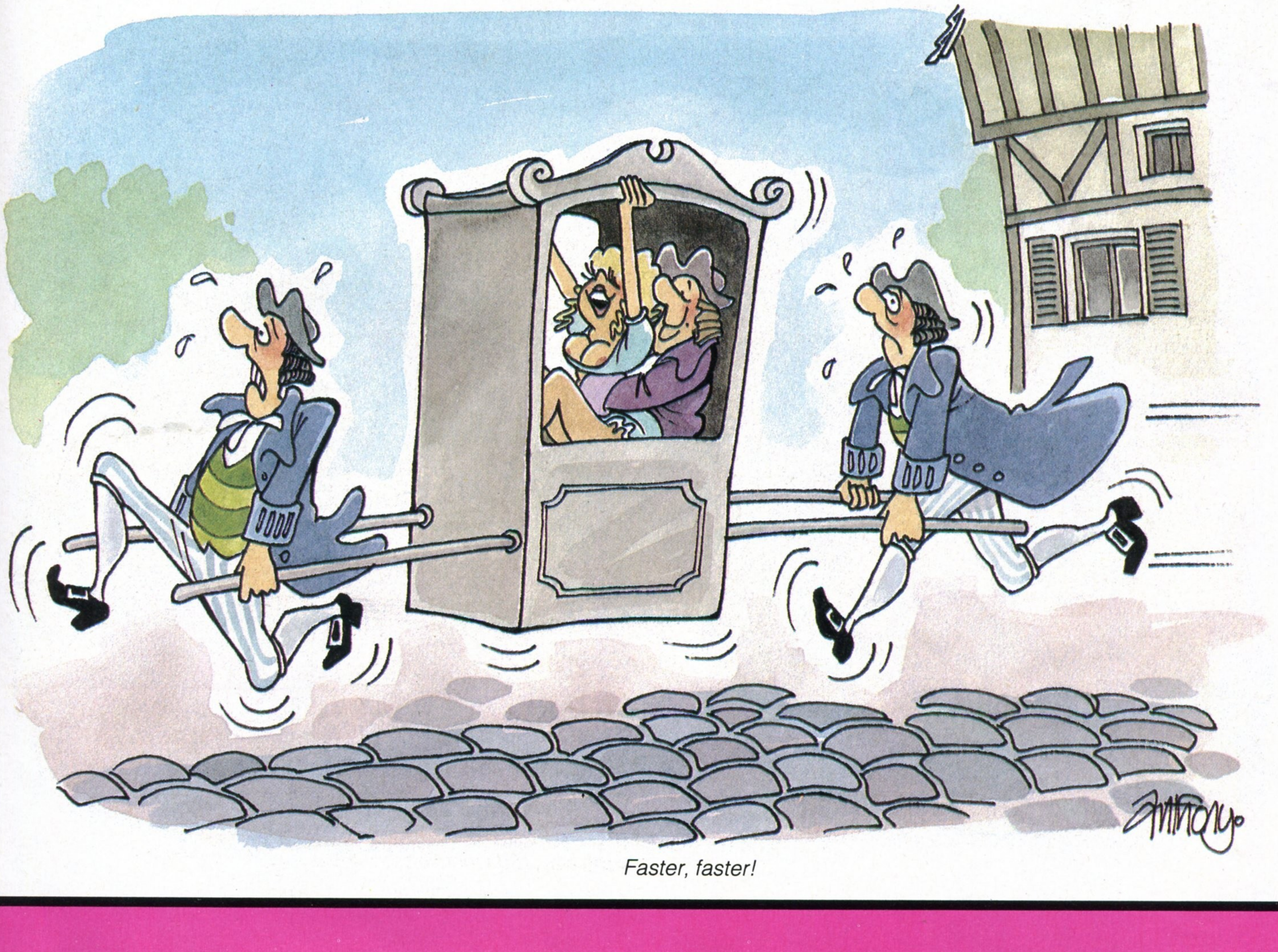
Sorry about mixing work with pleasure,
Miss Tonks, but take a letter



With all the laughter going on in this corner, I guess you must be talking about my husband's penis . . . !


HOTEL RULES
JUST MARRIED
HOWETT

What's this terrific surprise you've got for me, William?



Faster, faster!

club Catwalk

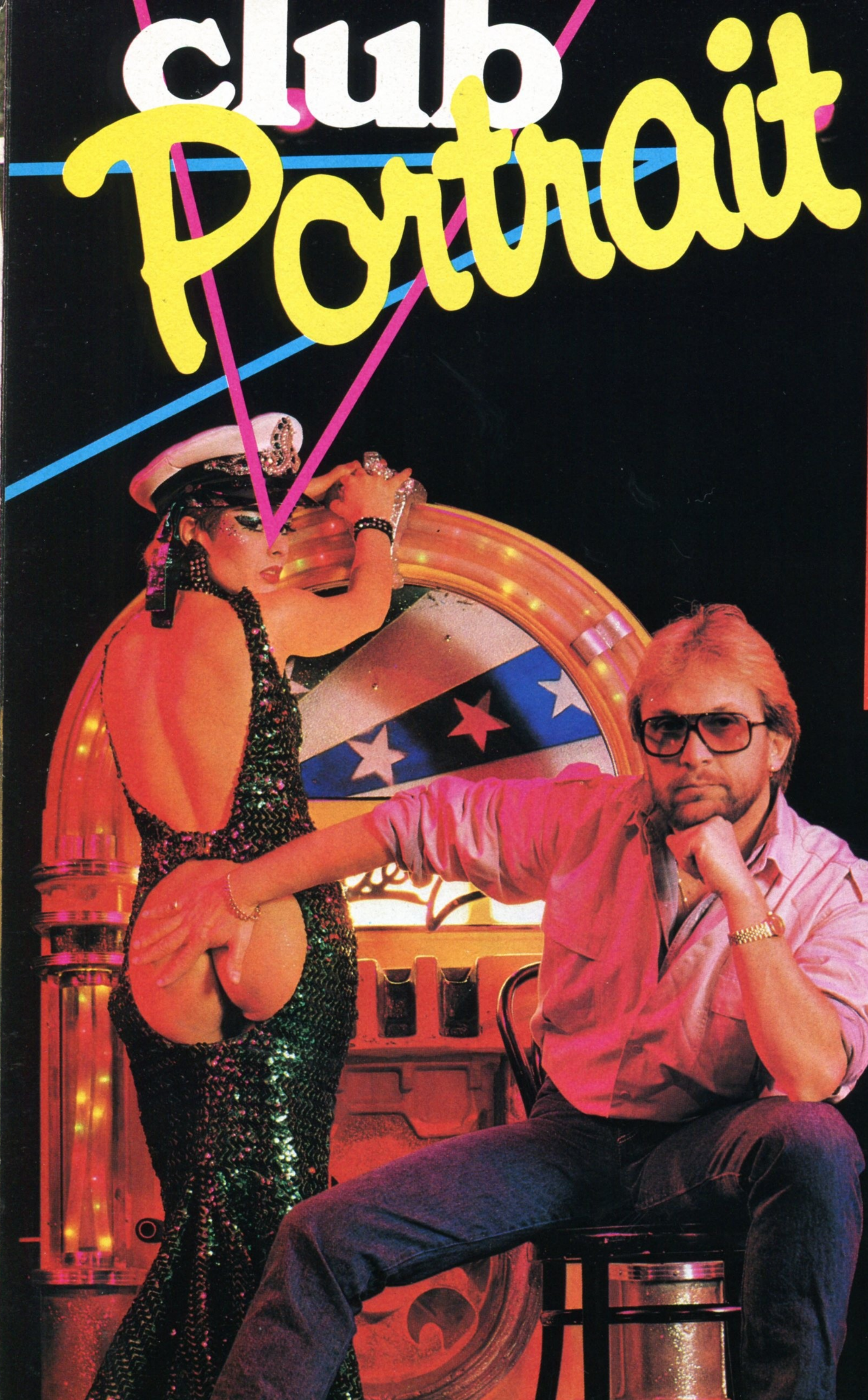
Does the name *Quasimodo* ring any bells with you (bells – geddit?)? Regular readers might well recall the memorable first appearance of the London designers' wares on the *Catwalk* in Volume 13 Number 9, and we're delighted to give the *Quasimodo* team, Jackie Enfield and Ian Henderton, a repeat showing.

Centre of attention this time (apart from Christine) is a tremendously eye-catching red and white 'fun' fur coat – the German staff car driver obviously finds it quite appealing, anyway. It costs £170.

If you have the legs to do it justice, the calf-length red party dress is guaranteed to get the guys' dicks a-raising. £175 to you, madam. And if you thought plastic underwear was strictly for the under-threes, the set-up adorning Christine shows just how wrong you can be! £35.95.

Prices of the other goodies on show this month are: red and black spotted fur earrings £6.50; black net necklace £18; seamed stockings £2.50. Everything's available (apart from the display-only antique basque) from *Quasimodo* at 239 King's Road, London SW3.

club Portrait



— Tym Manley talk

Name a theatre director who has worked in London's West End for eight years. Who has seen the curtain go up on shows he has created 14,000 times. Who has opened a new revue which is packing the theatre night after night. Go on, give it a go. There are few directors who can say as much. Whose shows, if run one after the other, would have filled seats for 29 years. Chances are though that you will not have heard of Gerard Simi. Because the shows he puts on for Paul Raymond are erotic shows and the poor, shy British Press can't bring themselves to say a good word about eroticism (except, of course, in private).

Gerard Simi is French, up to a point. He comes from Corsica, actually, a unique island producing a rougher, tougher sort of Frenchman – Napoleon for one. Gerard's father was in the army all his life and sounds a bit of a tartar.

"Certainly we spend £10,000 on shoes. You cannot send dancers out to do a 90-minute show barefoot..."

to Gerard Simi

'I hate to say it, but my father is a very primitive man in some ways, very strong in matters of honour.'

Well, I hate to say it, but the way he carries himself, the way he looks at you . . . his certainty about his talent and his assurance that he is No 1 in his speciality . . . all of which he carries without seeming at all arrogant . . . it all suggests that the Simi pride didn't stop with the old man.

Gerard is also a single-minded worker – he has a flat near *La Vie en Rose* and does little but nurture those shows. You've got to be a little obsessive to get 15 or so people doing it right on the night. Come to that, you have to be pretty sure of yourself to become a ballet dancer when your father's an old-fashioned Corsican officer in the French Army.

Gerard didn't only do that, he became a painter too and indulged his love of nudity. 'I think my mother was very clever with my father over these things . . .'

Dad became reconciled to his ballet-dancing son when he saw him on the stage (twice only) and 'made sure I was doing a proper job of it.'

He certainly made a job of it. He was a professional at 16 and danced for 14 years, most of them as principal dancer with well-respected French companies. After that, he'd had enough.

Erotic Dancing

'There are things a dancer can do as he gets older. He can play parts with more character, change styles and so on, but I didn't want to do that.'

So he opened a ballet school and formed his own modern dance company, *The Multiple Theatre Company*, in Avignon. It was there, doing the yearly show for his school and running his own company, that he really learned his choreography and lighting and the skills of putting on a show.

How did you start in erotic dancing?

'It was in the early '70s. There was a big boom in erotic art and that gave me the idea. I have always loved nudity. I paint, and I always paint nudes. When I was 11 or 12 my mother would be saying: "Why are you painting naked people all the time?" Some friends took me to a nude beach and since then I always go on holiday to a naturist beach.

'But the erotic dancing started in a very small way, just for the summer. You know the classical dance companies close down for maybe two months in summer and so did my school. I'd have friends come asking me for a job in my contemporary company and I had nothing for them.

'Then one day I met three friends on a nudist beach and I said: "If you're so free, why don't you do something erotic? We'd get a contract on the Riviera and we could be all day on the beach and in the evening do our show and make some money." So I formed a group with one boy and two girls and after a month I had a year's contract in Italy. The artists got very excited.'

You wanted to make money?

'Yes, well there is always that for me. I was making money with my modern dance but it all went back into the next show. I wanted to do something I would enjoy that would make money too.'

Sexy Group

Was your first group very sexy?

'Not as strong as we do now, but for 1974 it was strong. It was erotic enough to interest Paul Raymond and he gave us a contract for 1975 to dance at the *Raymond Revuebar*.'

You were dancing in the group too?

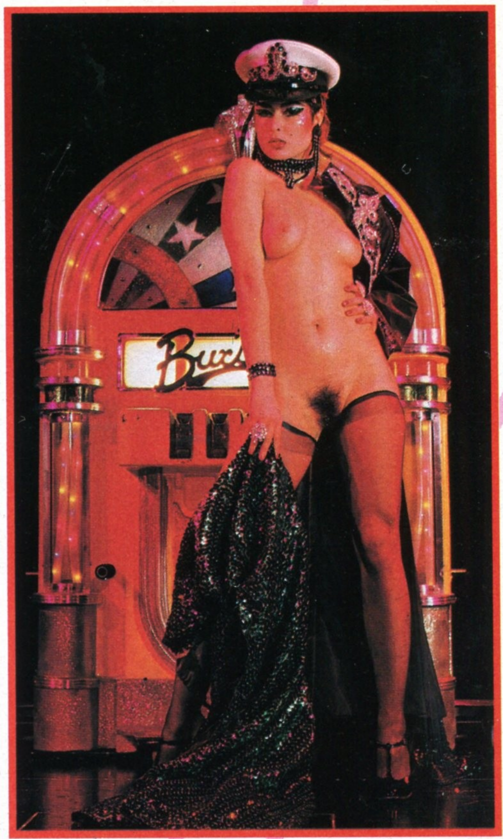
'Oh, yes; for one year. I danced at the *Raymond Revuebar* for some months too. Then I had to go and direct a show in Vienna.'

But you came back.

'Yes. The director Paul Raymond had then was a friend of mine and he called me back to be his assistant on a show for the *Windmill*. The following year I did a show myself. After that I came and I stayed here.'

You work well with Paul Raymond?

'Yes, because the things I like in a show are what Paul Raymond also wants. That's one thing I must stress to you. When I say



'my' show, I mean it is my show *and* Paul Raymond's show. He is always very involved. This new show, the *Razzle Dazzle Burlesque Show* we did the two of us. Him and me.'

The detailed attention Paul Raymond gives to each of his shows is legendary. It runs from the planning stage right down to the bottom line, so a customer may well find that the man at his elbow suggesting he might get a better view from another table is Paul Raymond himself. So I asked PR how he works with his artistic director.

'We're a great team. He knows exactly what I want. We don't see eye to eye on everything of course – it would be a bad thing if we did – but we both have the interests of the patrons at heart and we both want to put on the very best show of this type. I know of no other choreographer who could put on a show exactly as I want it.'

So part of the reason you may not have heard of Gerard Simi is that everyone has heard of Paul Raymond. But there's more to it than that.

'It's the attitude of the British towards sex. What they enjoy in private they pretend they don't like in public. It's hypocrisy, I suppose. I love London and I like British people, there is no way I would stay here otherwise, but it is a fact. They are obsessed by sex, but they don't want to look at it from the front. I mean the papers are full of sex, people want to know about it, but they won't say straight out: "I enjoy seeing naked people."

'For this reason we are never going to be in the theatrical awards, Paul Raymond and I.'

Doesn't that lack of recognition piss you off?

'No. I'm lucky enough to be doing something I like to see myself. Some shows are better than others, some acts better than others, for all sorts of reasons, but if I see one act I'm proud of, I'm happy. OK? Also it's my job and I'm lucky to be doing a job I like.

'Sure, I'd like recognition, but it's not so important for me. A full theatre is recognition enough, I think.'

You don't get the critics' approval because the shows are so erotic, I suppose. They're too strong. People will say, in public, that a naked girl spreading her legs is not elegant and therefore not erotic.

Secret Parts

'They say that. But I think all heterosexual men who are not hypocrites will accept it as erotic and find it interesting. Someone with vigour in his body who wants to make something with his sexuality cannot be indifferent in front of a gorgeous body. They want to see the maximum. All over the world, people want to see the most secret parts, which are the sexual parts. That's normal. I don't believe people who say they're not interested or it's not erotic. I think they are impotent or hypocrites.'

But you're seeing it from your point of view. It might be true for the people that say it.

'I don't believe that a man who opens his window and sees some girl going naked on the next balcony, or making love, will just close his curtains. Someone who is sexually alive will want to see more. I don't say he will stay there long, it may not be interesting

enough; but he will look. It is natural. If it were not, there would be no life on Earth.'

Is the Razzle Dazzle Burlesque Show *the strongest, sexually, you've done?*

'It's certainly strong. It's a different kind of show. It's a revue like we have in France – non-stop entertainment. Not like you have in a club with pauses between the acts. We go from big production numbers to solos; all music and dance for one-and-a-half hours. It is a different atmosphere at *La Vie en Rose*. People come in parties to eat and be entertained.

'And I like that. I would not like to do the real pornography.'

Why not?

'It's not that I wouldn't like it. You must know by now that, for me, things must look good to the eye. I like beautiful people, beautiful bodies and it is hard to get such people to do porn. I have seen some shows like that and the people are terrible!

'I like gorgeous girls and guys. And if they are not looking good, I am not interested in doing it.'

What's erotic for you? I mean, are you heterosexual or gay or . . .

'You ask me what I am? I make you one answer: I am a Roman Catholic. So is Paul Raymond, although that is mere coincidence.'

Sexuality

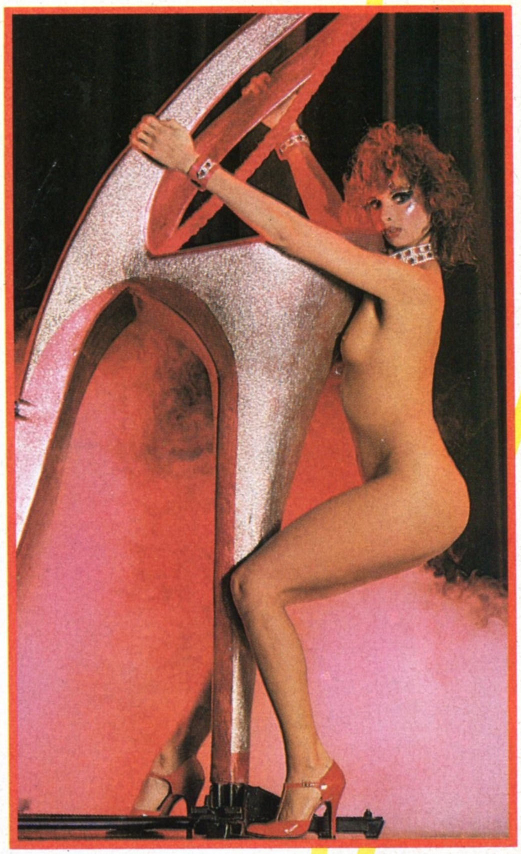
Does being a Roman Catholic affect your approach to an erotic show?

'No: one's own sexuality doesn't make a difference. There are three sorts of people in the world: beautiful people, indifferent people and ugly people. Both men and women. There are these three categories. People who, if they wave at you, you see them immediately and those who wave and you *never* see them.

'For me, it is the body that is beautiful. If everything is in the right place it is very sexy, man or woman. The human body is the most beautiful thing on Earth. Take any animal, take any scenery and still the human body is the most beautiful for me.'

But beauty is not the whole business of the erotic. There are people who are turned on by different shapes, young girls, old women, fat women . . .

'I know very well what you are saying. Certainly people like different things. You could write books about it. Eroticism is different for everybody. But we do one show for an hour-and-a-half only. We don't want people to be thinking of the nature of eroticism; we want them to get the spectacle, the glamour and the sexuality all at once, right between the eyes.



'So we have to draw the line somewhere, and if we have to draw a line, we draw it on the side where the people are nice for the eyes, that's all.'

As well as beautiful girls and men, Paul

Raymond's shows are also known for their very expensive and elaborate props and effects. Does that get in the way of the erotic aspects? Don't the props perhaps take away from the girls?

'Well I like exciting props. Paul Raymond, too, he likes to have a very expensive, sophisticated look to his shows. It is our trade mark. Many of the ideas for the props are mine and all over the world people are coming and copying props they have seen here. I know of a show in Australia that has copied props from the *Raymond Revuebar* and one in Manila too . . . I am very pleased.'

The cost of the shoes alone on this latest show was £10,000 . . . right?

'Certainly. I was surprised to find that, and I think Paul Raymond was even more surprised . . .'

Sophisticated Shoes

Was that really necessary?

'Yes. You cannot send dancers out to do a 90-minute show barefoot. And anyway, I like shoes. They make the girls look better, and, on the technical side, it gives them those few inches more height.

'Besides, shoes are very nice. On the street you see less women wearing sophisticated shoes – high heels and so on. When I do a show, I want men to see women different to the ones they left at home or sit next to in the office.'

One prop, a high-heeled shoe, cost £5,000. And the costumes are also very expensive.

'That's right. The entire production cost more than £150,000. It's the way it should be for a Paul Raymond show. I design the costumes and I have two people making them for me. And things I can't get here I get abroad. I go to Paris for things like jewellery. I like a glamorous, sophisticated show.'

To have been a classical dancer for 14 years and then run your own company, you must have been artistically committed to dance. Changing to a more erotic and very commercial speciality must have been a big change.

'Yes. But at first it was only supposed to be for two months. Then I found I enjoyed it and it was artistically satisfying too.'

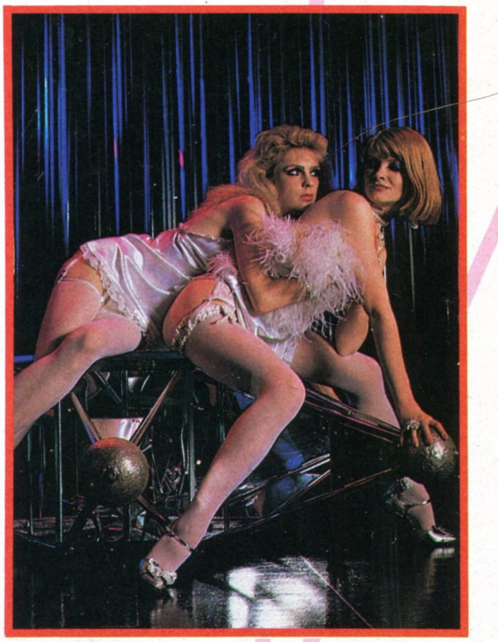
You don't feel the commercial theatre is a come-down from the artistic heights?

'No. Perhaps some of my friends think that, but I'm not interested anyway. My real friends from those days always come to see the show. I have one here now who is coming to do choreography with the Festival Ballet. They see the show and they are very surprised. It's not what they expected and they like it very much.

'They think it is better to be number one in your own speciality than just another dancer. Anyway, like I say; I'm proud of what I do.'

Which of your shows have you been proudest of?

'It is hard to say that, because they are all so different. The *Raymond Revuebar* for example, is an Institution. I do that the Paul Raymond-Gerard Simi way for modern times. But the formula is set and it works. It uses lots of solo acts in a girlie show.



'I liked *Penetration*. That was what we called a multi-sexual fantasy, where we mixed boys and girls. There were no solos at all. It was all duos and trios and semi-orgiastic. I enjoyed *Bizarre* too. Now Paul Raymond has asked me to do something different again and I like the *Razzle Dazzle Burlesque Show* very much.

'It was made quickly. In one stroke . . . so! I knew what I wanted to do. Before it was done, for me it was finished. There are little things that must be improved, but maybe it's the best.'

What was the concept of the show?

'The original idea was to go back to the old burlesque. It was to be very modern and strong, but with the costumes and gimmicks which made the burlesque famous. It's not done the old way, it's very modern. But it has everything in a very fast revue-style production. All music and dance.'

Choose The Girls

How do you go about creating such a show?

'Well; first we have to choose the girls and the guys, Paul Raymond and me. We do this by audition. We choose them for their looks and personality, rather than experience.

'In this show we have 12 girls and three guys and I think only three are experienced dancers who have done anything like it before.'

How do you teach them the movements? Do you write the steps down?

'No. I rehearse them. I show them what to do myself. I'm very quick with my choreography and I like to go straight through to the end to see how the whole show will look. For details, I have a very good assistant, but I keep an eye on everything myself.'

How long does it take to train them from nothing?

'How long it takes them to be good depends on them. Usually I have a deadline. This show was 40 days in rehearsal.'

Just being naked on stage isn't erotic. How do you get girls to look really sexy on stage?

'I don't know, exactly – perhaps that's my talent. The main thing is to make them believe in what they are doing. In this show, I have an act where the girl holds the men on leads, as if they are dogs, a little bit fetishistic. For this, the girl must feel as if she is dominant. If I don't get a girl who can do this, then it's a disaster.

'I work in reverse sometimes. I get the people and I say: "With her I can do this sort of act".'

You use the sexuality of the people you've got?

'Yes, and their bodies. If a girl's got gorgeous legs, I choreograph her movements to make the most of them. If she has big boobs, I will do something with them, maybe something amusing. The secret is to make sure people don't notice that the girl with the big boobs has short legs.'

Eye Contact

Do you accentuate certain movements?

'Maybe if there is a gorgeous costume I will alter movements to make the most of the costume. If the girl has no costume, it is all the work of the body. I use movement to translate one sexual emotion.

'Sometimes it may be very light – the girl working to the audience with a lot of eye contact and maybe a wink. So when the audience look at her they smile.

'Or maybe we get heavier. I want the audience sexually involved so we get very serious.

'I show them these things and explain them – which, with my broken English, can be very funny – then I say: "You are the artists, it's in your hands".'

What are your favourite acts in this show?

'Because I love it and because it's different from what I usually do, I like the production numbers with lots of people on stage. There's one I call *Conan*, because it's got a barbarian feel about it which I like. And the dog number, because it has all the things that are interesting from the fetishistic side and is very dramatic. I like the two-girl act too and all the solos. But it's more usual for me to do solos.'

I saw the show after the interview and the girl duo sandwiched between the two harder numbers Gerard likes, looks all the more feminine and is very erotic indeed.

Escapism

What do you want the audience to feel as they leave?

'I want them to look at their watches and say: "Were we there for almost two hours? It went so quick. And I enjoyed it and it wasn't what I expected and the girls were gorgeous and the boys too, and I forgot the rest of the day during that time".'

Pure escapism?

'Yes.'

Do you get a lot of trouble with the artists? They're under a lot of pressure and they must be pretty egotistical to perform at all.

'I get problems sometimes, yes, but I love them. The ones who are a little wild, and those who have a good personal sex life, are the best on stage. I'm not saying I'd like to do a show with all wild people – that would be too much trouble for the stage manager – but the slightly crazy ones come across well to the audience.'

How do you keep them in control?

'I don't know. It's a secret, maybe. I respect them and expect them to respect my work and Paul Raymond's work. Usually we have no trouble.'

Of course, they're mostly newcomers. Can anyone appear in a Paul Raymond show?

'If they are beautiful, yes.'

How do you choose them?

'We have auditions. The first time, we explain what it's all about and they can leave if they want to. Then we ask them to get undressed. We ask some back and watch them move and select some more until we are down to the ones we want to appear in the show.'

What are you looking for?

'Beautiful, sexy girls. But not only that. If that's all a girl has to offer – OK, it's beauty that counts. But if she has a lot of personality and is not quite so beautiful, OK.'

The same with the men?

'Yes, exactly the same.'

What are you looking for, then?

'Muscle. Beautiful bodies. They must not look like dancers! I want a nice face and quite macho-looking men. The three we have in this show are very good. None of them has done it before. One was a boxer.'

You're not after giant, bulging codpieces?

'No, I look for bodies. I'm not interested in size. I think they all have what they need anyway.'

Why do people leave a solicitor's office, say, to strip off on stage?

'I always ask them that. Usually they want something more glamorous than what they have been doing.'

What's the most erotic act you have seen, anywhere?

'The most erotic things I have seen were not acts, they were in real life. I have seen a lot of erotic things like that. But if you ask what is the most erotic *act* . . . I can't choose exactly, but I do know one thing . . .

'It is definitely one of mine!'

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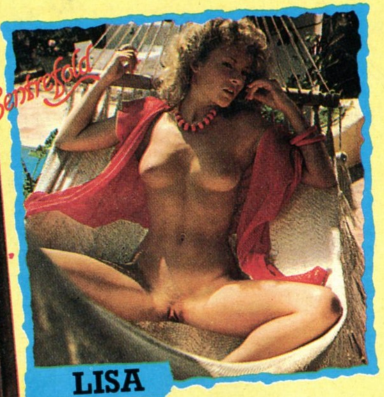
Our High School girls get boffed in turn by the Pizza man – Yes, he really does deliver! These girls squeal with delight when he gets out his salami and porks them on the spot – it's a pizza cake!



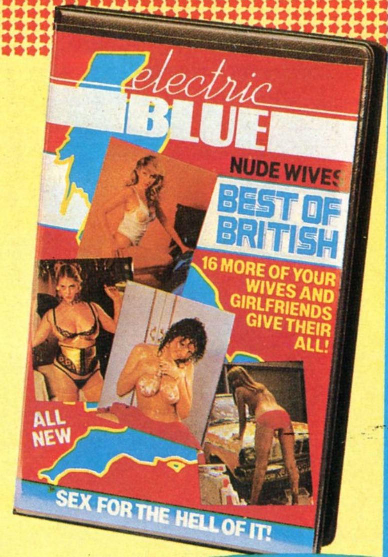
LISA

The dreams of a water nymph. This is a portrait, or rather the ins and outs, of the most heavenly body featured for many a month.

Centrefold

A REGENCY ROMANCE

Sophie and Sara succumb to a romance of corsets and crinolines as they rustle through each other's underwear. They giggle nervously as they discover and explore their firm, young bodies, bringing each other to a wild, wet climax.



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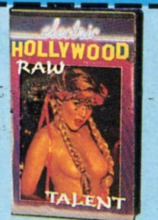

UP 'N' COMING – Chronicles Sex Queen Constance Money's decision to return to the adult screen. She is helped by some of her most famous co-stars who perform for her. The horny sex scenes include a bevy of snake charmers, fire-eaters and the incredible CRIB GIRLS! So turned on by the wild sex she is surrounded by she allows John and Gina, her friends, to explore her body totally. Her mind made up, the film erupts in a torrent of wild passion that includes PENTHOUSE centrefold GINA GIANETTI and over 65 famous adult stars.

RAW TALENT – is the story of Jerry, a porno film star, and his manipulative female film director Lisa. She sexually uses and abuses the talented stud, forcing on him the most outrageous sexual demands with girl after girl in her desire to make him deliver the sex she'd always dreamed of. This electrifying film is action-packed, the sex shocking and hot and the girls raw but very talented.

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Sandra

Photographs by Sarah Joyce

club

Elise

Photographs by Colin James

club Event

After our brief sabbatical last month, *Club Event* is back with a bang, bringing you another of our famous (infamous?) 'well at least we started off with good intentions' gatherings of young ladies, which very soon had us wondering why we bother to tell them the rules in the first place!

The occasion this time was (supposed to be) Miss Striptease, which we thought would provide more of a spectacle if the girls competed side by side. And, whatever the rule-bending, you can't accuse the girls of not turning on the style for the assembled punters at the Tyneside club not unused to staging events of this nature.

Nothing was left to the imagination – except what might have happened had they stuck to the rules and undressed only themselves, not each other! But rules, as they say, are made to be broken – which was the fate which befell several of the suspender belts as they were tugged and twisted every which way.

And so, not for the first time, the spoils of victory were shared: the last picture shows clearly that all the contestants did indeed receive their fair share!

club Event

If you are planning a fun evening, why not ask the Club Event Team along? Send your invitations to Club Event, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

ONE EYED DIC

By Raymond Handler.
Illustration by Stanley Accrington.

THE STORY SO FAR. One-Eyed Dick is truly pissed off with trying to save the world. There's nothing he wants more than to get re-ensconced in some seedy office and solve ordinary, day-to-day crimes for a living – like murder, arson, fraud and rat sodomy. However, the disgustingly wealthy and oversexed widow of Wilhelm R. Wurst, newspaper baron, has taken a shine to Dick and Sir Nigel Dorking – his sick sidekick – and offers them the run of Wurst Castle in return for a few sexual favours and a slice of the private dick action. Our hero's first street level assignment is to find the blonde, teenage daughter of Sore-Ass Sonny – a notorious pimp – kidnapped by depraved desperados. Now read on.

Dorking's interest in the case was as shallow as a pauper's grave. I doubt whether he would even have got out of bed but for the fact that Sore-Ass's daughter (judging by her pic) had the biggest damn melons I'd seen since the day Chesty Morgan's agent hired me to remove a hornet's nest from her cleavage. Where the bee sucks, there suck I – yes indeedy! So much pleasure from so much pain. Holy shit, what a memory! Still gives me a hard-on thinking about it now . . .

'Look out, Dick, for Christ's sake!'

Too late even to brake. We hit the wheelchair full on. Wood splinters, shattered leg irons, wheel spokes and tufts of grey hair filled the air as we skidded to a halt. The elderly matron who'd been pushing it clawed at my window.

'You jiveass honky shithead muthafucka! You always drive with scuz in your eyes? Oh sheeit – it's One-Eyed Dick and that insufferable Limey!'

Yes, it was Al Cornpone, mild-mannered scag dealer and scourge of the Strip, travelling incognito. His 'aged mother' – a lifesize doll – lay in fragments all over the corner of Highland and Sunset, along with several Saranwrap packets of white powder, burst at the seams. Dorking knelt beside one, moistening a fingertip, dunking it, and musing on its contents.

'Chinese No.4, old chap. Enough to keep an army of junkies on Cloud Nine until they run out of veins. What say we turn him in?'

Cornpone leapt into the back of the car, losing his blue-rinse wig in the process, pleading for mercy. A crowd was gathering fast, cars were honking, and an LAPD siren was getting louder by the second.

Cornpone was starting to sweat – as well he might with Sir Nigel twisting his testicles and biting chunks out of his earlobe simultaneously.

'Listen – you guys are after Sore-Ass Sonny's daughter, right? Well get me the fuck outa here and I'll give you your first big lead!'

'You rotten, ratpoisoning scuz-sucker! How come you know what case we're on?'

Sir Nigel stretched Cornpone's scrotum half way down his leg, wrapped it around his knee then stamped on his foot – a trick he'd picked up back home on the terraces of West Ham soccer club.

> Most of the participants were middle-aged and definitely not of Spanish origin . . .

'I just saw the newsreel at the *Jizpit*. With jugs like hers, I figured you'd be the main contenders for the reward, now that you're back on the street an' all.'

'The *Jizpit*? But that's a porno theatre! Since when have they been showing newsreels? Aw, what the fuck! Sir Nigel – kindly dispose of our guest.'

Giving Cornpone's gonads one last affectionate tweak, Dorking bundled the weirdly-attired dope dealer out of the car at the very moment a speeding Mack truck was passing, splitting Al's melon with a sound reminiscent of a large zit being popped in front of a shaving mirror. Dorking opened the door and made a frantic grab for one of the bags of smack as I reversed through the melee, but I reached across and knocked it out of his maw: as if his addiction to nose candy, nude Sumo wrestling and red rubber underthings wasn't bad enough.

The *Jizpit* was as enchanting as ever. The seats were sticky with the by-products of wet dreams, while fleas attacked our ankles with all the gusto of Amazonian piranhas denuding a wounded steer. Slapping Dorking's hand away from my inner thigh in the malodorous gloom, I immersed myself in the delights of *Teenage Spanish Fly Dildo Frenzy*. Most of the participants were middle-aged and definitely not of Spanish origin, but after a while the thrashing throng were joined by a spectacularly bosomy young blonde, using whatever spare cocks she could locate like most of us use toothbrushes. It was Sonny's lost daughter – about as angelic and innocent as Sir Nigel's butt at a gay ball.

'I recognize this place,' he said, copping another feel of my thigh.

'Familiarity breeds a fist in the face,' I said, slapping his hand away a second time. 'Concentrate on the film.'

'I am concentrating, dammit! And I tell you I recognize that place where those wretched heteros are fornicating their fannies off: it's that deserted mansion up in the Hills, the one they use for deserted-mansion-up-in-the-hills sequences in Hollywood movies!'

Struggling to take my eyes off the orgasmic cavortings, I clocked the plastic spiders and spray-on cobwebs: the cretinous Limey was absolutely right.

'Just how old is this movie?' I asked Lenny the Leech, the *Jizpit* boss.

'Fresh in today, along with the milk.'

I figured we had ourselves a lead.

In true Hollywood tradition, it was dark when we arrived at the mansion gates.

'What do you guys want here this time of night?' said the guy in the pay booth. 'This here's The Definitive Deserted Mansion In The Hills. That'll be five bucks each and no wailing, shrieking or too-wit, too-woos allowed after midnight. Spook-burgers are $2 each and dusty Cokes 50 cents. Shit yourself in fright and you get to clean up, OK?'

We searched high and low, but there was no sign of the kidnap gang. We were just about ready to call it a night when I heard a muffled cry from the direction of the basement wine cellar. The door was jammed, so Dorking kicked it in – another $20 on the bill. I pointed the rented flashlight in the direction of a stifled grunt and there before me, naked and lashed provocatively across a barrel, was none other than the Philadelphia Feeler – one of the filthiest frotteurs this century.

Hearing a sound behind me I swung around to find none other than the Boston Dangler – a notorious indecent exposer – lashed to a huge wine rack, while on an old mattress at his feet lay Strap-On Stevens, the Sacramento Sadist, also naked, bound and gagged. All three were showing signs of sexual molestation. I unfurled the gag and levered the tennis ball out of his mouth with my boot heel. He was in a bad way.

'Didn't know bondage was your scene, Strap-On. What the hell's happening?'

'Behind you!' he gasped, eyes blazing in terror.

She descended on me with all the gleeful malice of a rodeo bull on a cowboy's crotch. It was Sore-Ass Sonny's beautiful daughter, naked but for a black garter belt and a vicious leer. Before I had time to defend myself I found myself suddenly flat on my back, pants around my ankles, while she bounced up and down on my vitals, taking hold of my ears and banging my skull against the fibreglass stone slabs. Jesus, what an ignominious end for a musclebound East Coast private eye!

'Dorking! Get her off me, for Crissakes!'

The Limey pulled his time-honoured stroke of opening his coat and exposing his now legendary unwashed schlong. Nine times out of ten this has even the toughest adversaries screaming and pleading for mercy, but Sonny's daughter merely started to froth at the mouth, twitch at the crotch and to scream 'Gimme-gimme-gimme!' at the top of her voice.

And the Limey fell for it. Standing right alongside her, he took hold of her hair and introduced his foul phallus into her eager cakehole. Leering madly she released my ears, took Dorking's weather-worn salami into her mouth and sunk her teeth into it, giving me time to wriggle out from beneath her gyrating crotch and slug her so hard it was lucky she didn't chomp poor Dorking off at the root.

She was naked but for a black garter belt and a vicious leer . . .

As Dorking doubled-up, groaning with pain, I wiped the flecks of saliva and love juice from my clothes with a pair of soiled panties proffered by the Philly Feeler.

I eyed the sleeping beauty with a mixture of incredulity and awe. If this was an example of a high sex drive, the chick must have had a Dyers supercharger up her snatch.

'So what gives, fellas? Looks like your kidnap scam backfired on you.'

'*Our* kidnap scam? The broad kidnapped *us*! She saw our ad in the personal column of the *San Francisco Sleaze* – you know, the one that says we're the most perverted muthas in the world and how we'll do anything for five bucks – lured us to this Deserted Mansion In The Hills, and proceeded to fuck us half to death. Shit, One-Eyed, if you hadn't happened on the scene we wouldn't have made it through the night!'

We manacled Sonny's daughter hand and foot, schlepped her out of the Deserted Mansion and into the back of the car. Clearly embarrassed by his daughter's pathological nymphomania, the 'kidnap' was just a stunt to try and convince the sons of the Bev. Hills hoi polloi that Sore-Ass Sonny's daughter was just as eligible as every other 19-year-old with enormous tits.

Sir Nigel nursed his mauled member on the drive to the hospital, dunking it in a paper cup full of TCP. Leaving after two anti-tetanus shots and passing the oxytetracycline pills between us like a pair of schoolkids sharing a tootsie roll, we contemplated our future. Clearly there were those who would say that the private dick who lets a lowlife like Sore-Ass Sonny put one over on him is a private dick who should zipper himself up for good. In Dorking's case, literally.

'What do you say we abandon this mullarkey once and for all?' he said as we bundled Sonny's screaming and cussing daughter on to his front lawn, hooting, then driving away as fast as we could. 'My cock can't take much more of this kind of punishment and besides, neither of us are getting any younger.'

As Dorking spoke (merely reflecting yet another comedown rather than a true professional pessimism), I couldn't help but attach some significance to the John Wayne sunset in the hills as we drove north yet again to Wurst Castle. Between us we'd solved more cases than Hank Janson on amphetamine sulphate. Maybe he had a point. Maybe it was time for a change.

Angus, the shepherd, greeted us as we drove through the estate, lifting his kilt and exposing his grotesquely erect appendage, shaking it at us as we passed. If there was one place where we commanded respect, it was Wurst Castle.

Home is where the hard-on is. Velma, as though sensing the old dog was coming home to rest, promptly clamped a collar to my neck and led me across the kitchen on a chain leash to a doggie bowl of champagne in the corner, while Bertha, faithful old semen receptacle, led Sir Nigel upstairs to view her recently acquired collection of World War One gas masks and sundry rubber tubing.

One thing about being an international supersleuth – there's never a dull moment. As Velma squatted pantieless on my face, reading the day's *Racing Form* and Dorking's screams of ecstasy or some such echoed across from the East wing, a wave of pleasure and satisfaction came all over me. Suddenly I was proud that I, One-Eyed Dick, the original Kleen Krusader, had done my bit for Decency, Law and Order, and Gerbil Rights. Life these days might be one big shit-show, but when it comes to Integrity, I've got it licked.

READERS WRITES

I wish it had been daylight so I could get a better look at what happened next. Carol-Ann took the guy's dripping cock from her love-hole and caressed it with both hands. Then – and I had to strain my eyes to make sure – she lifted up her jumper and smeared her spunk-covered hands all over her tits. Understandably, this was all too much for the bloke, who promptly licked it all off. After that, they stood clasped together for a few more minutes before doing up their clothes and going off.

I often see Carol-Ann as she leaves for school in the mornings, the picture of respectability with a pile of jotters under her arm. I love the puzzled look on her face when she sees me smirking at her! *Gus, Clwyd*

Rita – more than just a big pair of tits

Sexy Rita

More Rita, please.

Her set in Vol 14 No 1 proves she's more than just a big pair of tits – she also has a handsome face and juicy thighs. And the black, lacy lingerie made her look very, very sexy. Yes, more photo-filled pages of Rita wouldn't go amiss.

SM, Winchester

Perfect Cure

Recently, I was laid up in bed for two weeks with a severe bout of 'flu. Most of the time, I felt terrible: bouts of sweating, hot and cold flushes, nausea, thirst, lack of appetite – you name it.

My mum was usually in the house to look after me, but, one day, she had to drive to Heathrow to pick up my younger sister who was coming back from holiday. She'd asked the girl across the road to look in on me a couple of times to see if I was all right. I wasn't too keen on the idea, because I hardly knew her: I didn't even know her name (my mum told me it was Sonia).

On the day my mum went to the airport, I didn't feel too bad, just fed up. Fed up to the back teeth. She'd only been gone 20 minutes when I heard the front door opening. Seconds later, Sonia was standing at my bedroom door. She introduced herself, and asked if there was anything I wanted. Well, when I saw her, there really only was one answer.

'Yes, there is, actually, but I don't want you to pick up the bug,' I said. Whether she didn't get the gist, or was playing me along, I didn't know at the time, but she said: 'Don't you worry about me,' and came over to the bed. She put her hand on my forehead to feel my temperature and ruffled my hair.

I was surprised I hadn't taken much notice of Sonia before. She looked a couple of years older than me, about 23, and had a lovely, smiling face and cheerful disposition, even though she'd been on the dole for some months. She was quite slim, but appeared top-heavy because of her big tits. Seeing them bobble up and down right in front of my eyes gave me my first hard-on in ages. I badly wanted to give them a grope.

My erection got bigger when she slipped her hand under the sheets, ostensibly to see if they needed changing due to my sweating, and my mouth dried up as her hand brushed against my bare leg, only a fraction of an inch away from my pride and joy.

Where she was sitting, her enormous boobs were right in front of my face and I couldn't take my eyes off them for a second. She noticed me staring at them and leaned forward so they were pushed right into my face. She nibbled my ear, and whispered: 'Do you want a closer look at them?' I can tell you – all that spunk I'd been saving up was queueing up to get out all at once.

I didn't really need to answer Sonia's question. She backed off and pulled her woolly jumper over her head. Her big tits hung free underneath, both nipples already thrusting forward. She climbed on top of me, on top of the bed cover, and we embraced tightly.

I was in danger of coming in my pants (to coin a phrase, as I wasn't wearing any), so I set about taking her skirt off. She didn't resist. When I'd done that, she climbed in next to me and immediately started to wank me. I buried my face into those wonderful tits, biting and chewing the copious flesh.

I rubbed my hand over her fanny and she was as wet as she was ever going to be. I eased myself on top of her and she guided me into her, easy as you like. I started to pump up and down, but I couldn't believe it when I found I was too weak to keep it up.

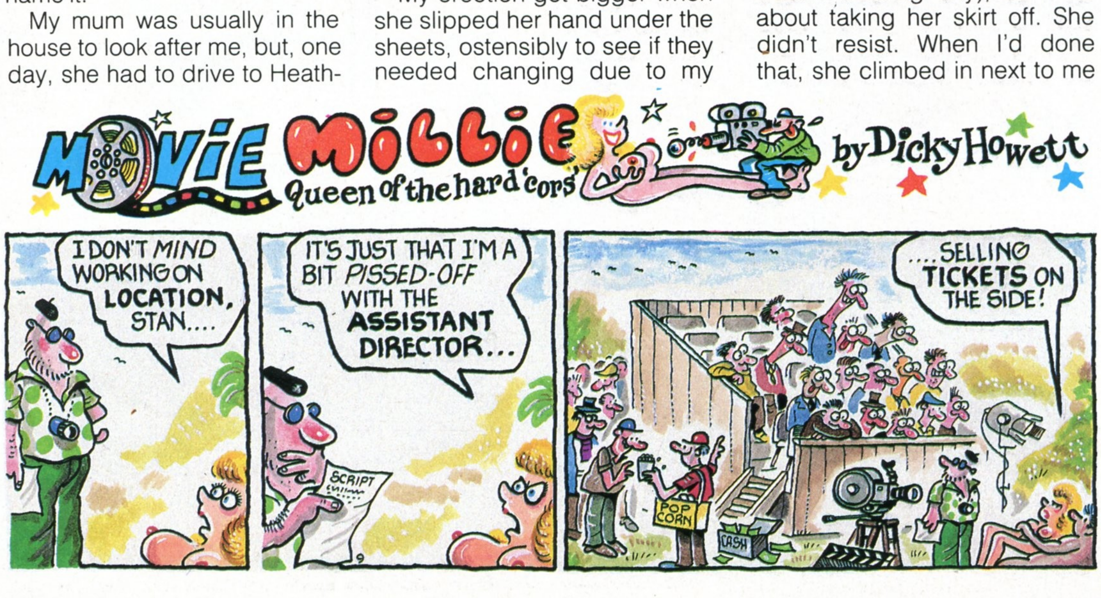
Sonia realized what was happening. Without saying anything, she gripped hold of my buttocks to keep me inside her and rolled me over so that she was on top. Then, she did all the work – frantically thrusting up and down on my stiff. That was pleasurable enough, but I reckon it was the sight of her tits wobbling away just inches above me which made me come in torrents before very long.

Sonia hadn't come yet, so I put my finger into her soaking fanny, shortly followed by another one. She writhed about the bed, breathing heavily and gasped: 'Another one, Harry – it'll take another one!' and, sure enough, it did. It wasn't long before her body tightened and then went limp in the throes of orgasm.

By this time, I was absolutely knackered. I felt so weak, I lapsed into a deep sleep without even saying anything to Sonia. When I woke up, I heard voices coming from downstairs which told me my mum, dad and sister were home. Sonia was long gone.

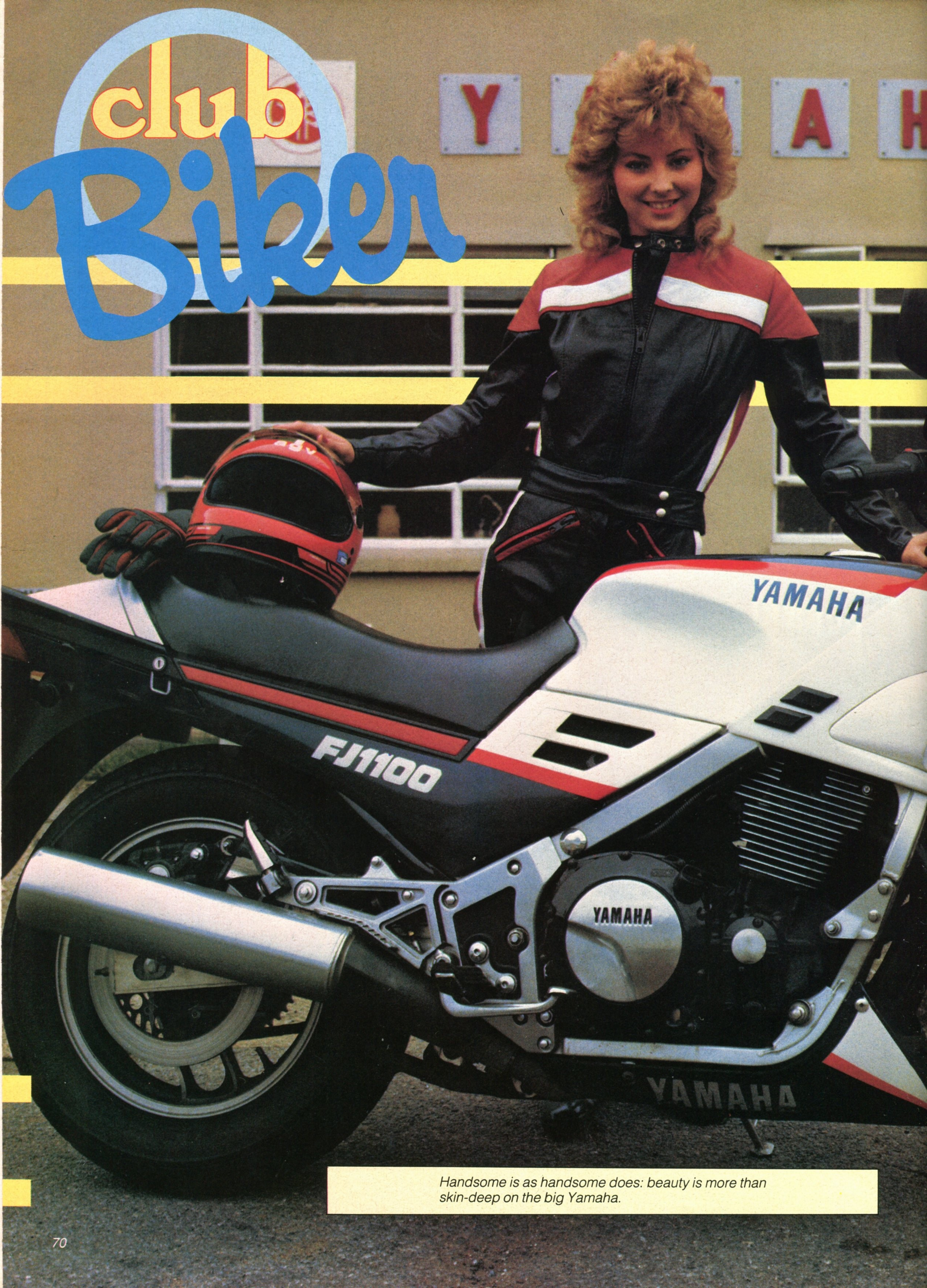
But as you can probably guess, I wasn't out of bed long before I saw her again.

Harry, Norwich



MOVIE MILLIE
Queen of the hard 'cors'
by Dicky Howett
I DON'T MIND WORKING ON LOCATION, STAN....
IT'S JUST THAT I'M A BIT PISSED-OFF WITH THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR...
SCRIPT
....SELLING TICKETS ON THE SIDE!
POP CORN
CASH

club Biker


YAMAHA
FJ1100
YAMAHA
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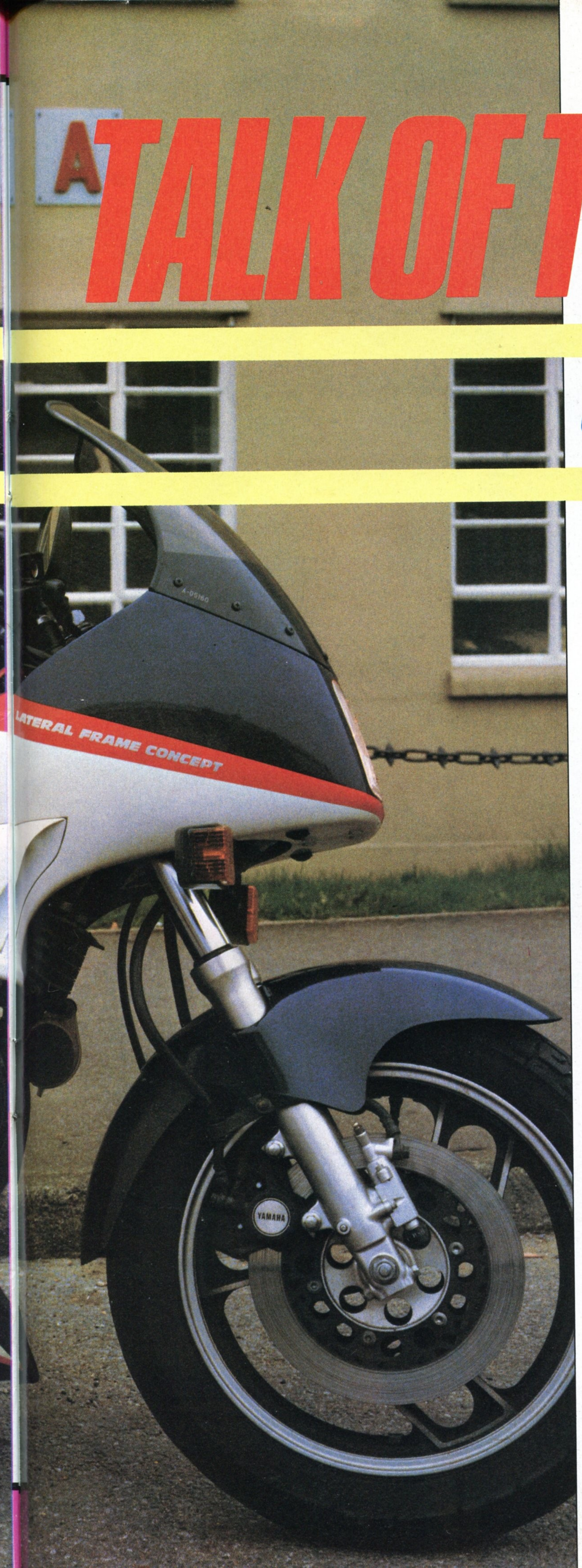
YAMAHA

Handsome is as handsome does: beauty is more than skin-deep on the big Yamaha.

TALK OF THE TOWN



Over the course of the last few years, Yamaha have lagged behind the rest of the Japanese factories in producing big four-stroke motor cycles that caught the imagination of the biking public.

But now, there's a bike in the Yamaha range which has set everyone talking: a bike which is so good, a motor cycle journalist friend of mine rates it as the best bike he's ever ridden. Steve Parrish, the Yamaha racer I met at Silverstone (Vol 13 No 11), rode it in the Isle of Man TT last year, and was so impressed, he now uses one as his own personal form of transport.

Oh, sorry – haven't I told you what the bike's called? It's the FJ1100, and I know why the two blokes in the above paragraph are so enthusiastic. It's when you test a bike like the FJ that you realize other machines may be the best,

Debbie's TT Leathers two-piece suit, AGV X15 helmet, Record boots, Rivetts ladies gloves and Rukka 'Barry Sheene' rainsuit, courtesy of Rivetts of London Ltd, 234/6/8 High Road, London E11.

agv
Rukka
YAMAHA

Even the heaviest rain I've ever ridden through couldn't dampen my enthusiasm for the FJ.

Photographs by David Crosswaite

club Biker

Showing off my mechanical skills in Mitsui's workshop at Chessington!

but realize at the same time the only definition of the big Yamaha is 'bestest'.

I'm fairly sure that, some time in the next couple of years, I'll be reporting to you that I've just ridden a bike which makes the FJ1100 look like a 1919 Sunbeam – such is progress – but that day hasn't arrived yet. By today's standards, the FJ is so near perfection, it's easy to pick out the few faults which do exist. But we'll come to that later.

Firstly, though, let's concentrate on the features which make the big Yamaha so outstanding. For an 1100cc bike, the FJ is light, at just more than 500lbs. At 125bhp, it's exceptionally powerful. And, with Yamaha's own 'Lateral Frame Concept' (advertised all over the fairing), the handling is good enough to make you grin while hustling it through the bends.

Lateral Frame Concept? Yes, I asked that when someone mentioned it to me for the first time. Put simply, it means that, instead of the usual set-up of the frame tube passing over the top of the engine, it's cradled from either side, with the tubes linking up *ahead* of the steering head. It's a superbly effective system, and contributes in no small way to a rigid front end. The other contributors are a 16-inch front wheel, fork stanchions of massive thickness and a solid fork brace over the top of the mudguard.

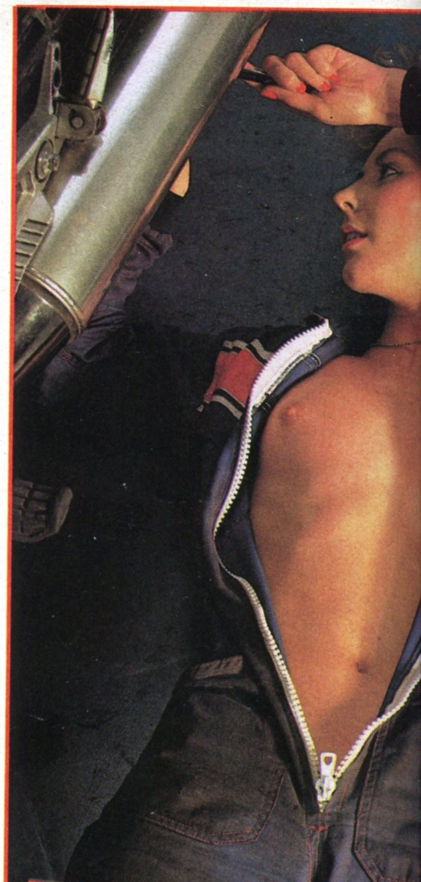
Ignoring current fashion, Yamaha's designers left out air-assisted front forks, and they're not needed. The anti-dive system is very welcome, though, as it is on all big bikes. So, as with a lot of big boys I know, the 1100 handles like a dream.

Performance

The bike's engine performance is almost academic. I doubt if there's anyone who could take this beast anywhere near its limits on public roads (apart from Steve Parrish at the TT). The thing is, the handling is so good, there's nothing to stop you trying to take it to the limit. Well, I suppose you could count the guy in the Marina Coupé who's just pulled out in front of you as you accelerate along the outside lane at 140mph. Thankfully, you have three beefy disc brakes to slow you down rapidly when faced with a wally like that, who didn't see you coming because of the stuffed dogs and the Bognor Regis stickers piled up behind him.

Unlike many bikes, which travel at a deceptively fast rate, the Yamaha *feels* fast, which makes it safe. To non-bikers, that might sound a little silly, but, if you're aware of how quick you're travelling, you're that bit more alert, and more prepared to act when you come across wallies in Marina Coupés. It's also more exhilarating. I'd far rather *feel* like I was doing 100mph than be cosseted behind a fully-faired BMW, which doesn't give any sensation of speed. If that was the kind of transport I was into, I'd rather buy a car.

But the FJ isn't uncomfortable at high speed – far from it. The fairing and the riding position complement



'Come on, Elliott; put your back into it!' Some expert advice from Yamaha spannerman Pete Lazaro.

YAMAHA
FJ1100

YAMAHA
YAMAHA

YAMAHA
YAMAHA
YAMAHA
YAMAHA

FJ1100
YAMAHA
YA

each other superbly, meaning that the worst of the wind is channelled over the rider's chest and head. The sculptured tank means the knees can be tucked in out of the airstream, too, nestling in nicely behind the fairing.

Many people connected with motor cycling reckon 1100cc bikes are a bit over the top. They'll tell you 750cc machines can top 140mph, and who needs more than that? But where bikes like the FJ score is in their ability to out-accelerate virtually anything else that moves, meaning you can open the throttle and know the power will come in instantly. This is another invaluable safety feature, because if you get yourself into difficulty while overtaking, you have the power to do something about it.

Solid Handling

And it's this combination of practically unsurpassable performance and steady, rock-solid handling which make the FJ so special. There's a favourite stretch of road of mine not far from where I live. It's a two-mile long straight, littered with treacherous bumps. I usually try to put all my test bikes through their paces along there.

The CBX 750 (Vol 14 No 1) performed well, reaching about 100mph before the bumps started to upset it a bit. The FJ? Well, it chuntered along there at 120, happy as Larry. I wouldn't want to take *any* bike along there faster than that, but I'm sure the Yamaha would have taken it in its stride. It's virtually impossible to get any misbehaviour from the handlebars, even when you deliberately try to make them wobble.

Such are the enormous depths of power, a pillion passenger doesn't make any real difference to the performance, but it's better to stiffen the rear damping (on the bike, silly!) if you're going to take someone along for the ride.

Instruments

The switchgear is up to Yamaha's usual high standard: their famous self-cancelling indicators haven't, as yet, been matched by any other factory. The instruments are clear and easy to read, but are spoiled by the inclusion of an inaccurate fuel gauge, made worse by the fact the fuel tap doesn't include a reserve position. This is a great shame, because most bikers – myself included – prefer to rely on a combination of mileometer readings and reserve tap to work out how they stand for petrol.

The only other gripe I have concerns the lights – or part of them. While the dipped beam is superb, I was disappointed by main beam. It certainly throws out enough light, but it's too spread out. I was happier to use dipped lights all the time.

On the whole, though, we have here a bike which deserves all the acclaim that's been piled on it, a bike which has been well thought out. As well as offering a sports riding package at its best, it's a practical machine too (the big 5.4-gallon tank is shaped nicely to accept a large tank bag, and bungee hooks are fitted to avoid damaging paintwork or plastic when you strap something on to the seat).

Sure, at £3500 it's not exactly cheap, but I challenge anyone to claim it's not worth every penny.

Debbie Elliott

FJ1100
YAMAHA
YAMAHA

Would you buy a new bike from these men? Pete, Steve, Chris, Basil, Brian and Dave are some of the Yamaha workshop crew who were on hand when I called.

FJ1100
YAMAHA
YAMAHA
LATERAL FRAME CONCEPT
FJ1100

YAMAHA
YAMAHA
FJ1100

YAMAHA
FJ1100

YAMAHA FJ1100

Engine: 1097cc, four-cylinder, four-stroke. Four valves per cylinder. Maximum power 125bhp at 9000rpm, maximum torque 75.9ft/lbs at 8000rpm.

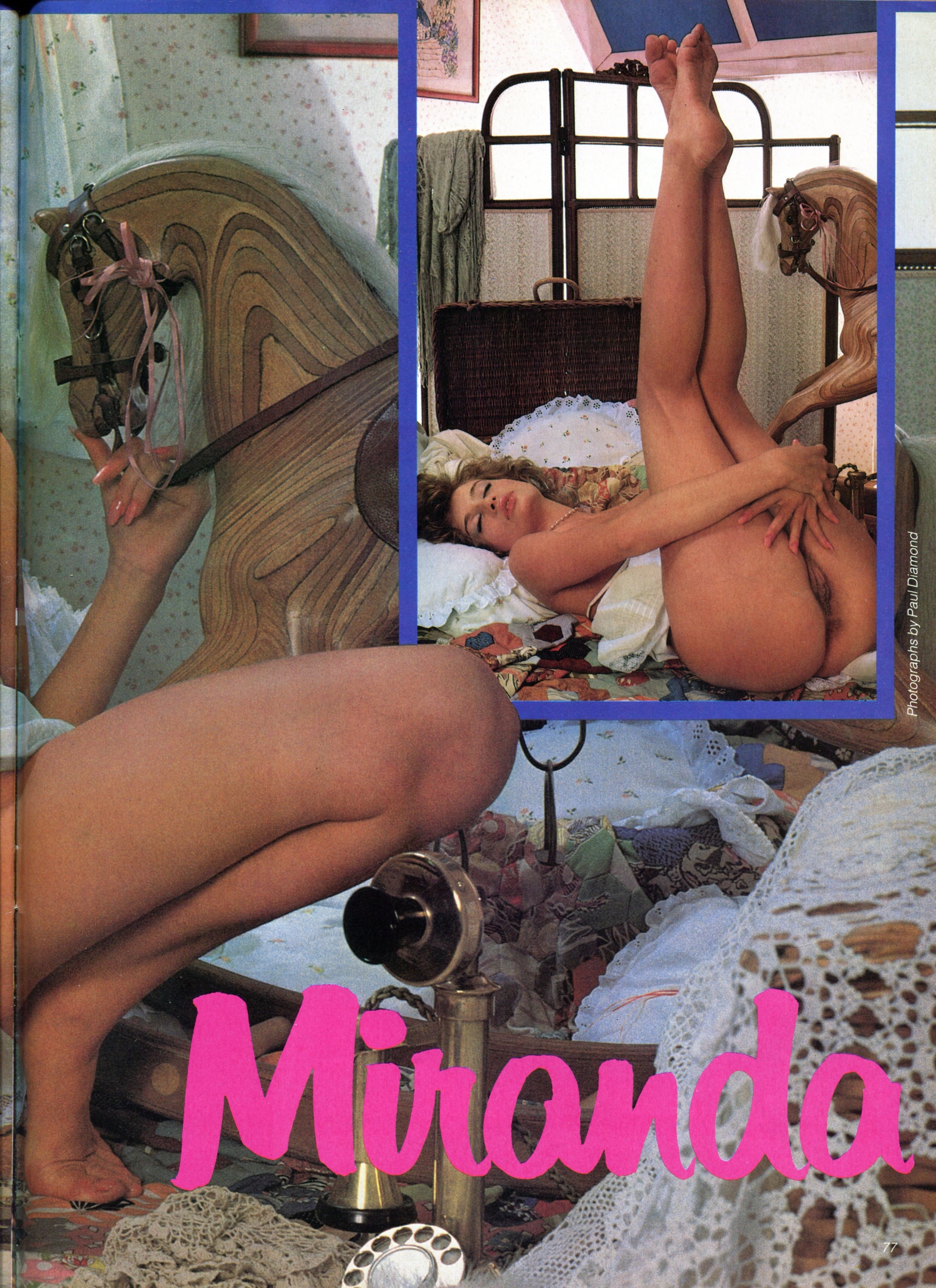
Transmission: Five-speed gearbox. Final drive by sealed roller chain.

Performance: Top speed 152mph. Average fuel consumption 36.5mpg.

Price: £3500 inc. car tax and VAT.

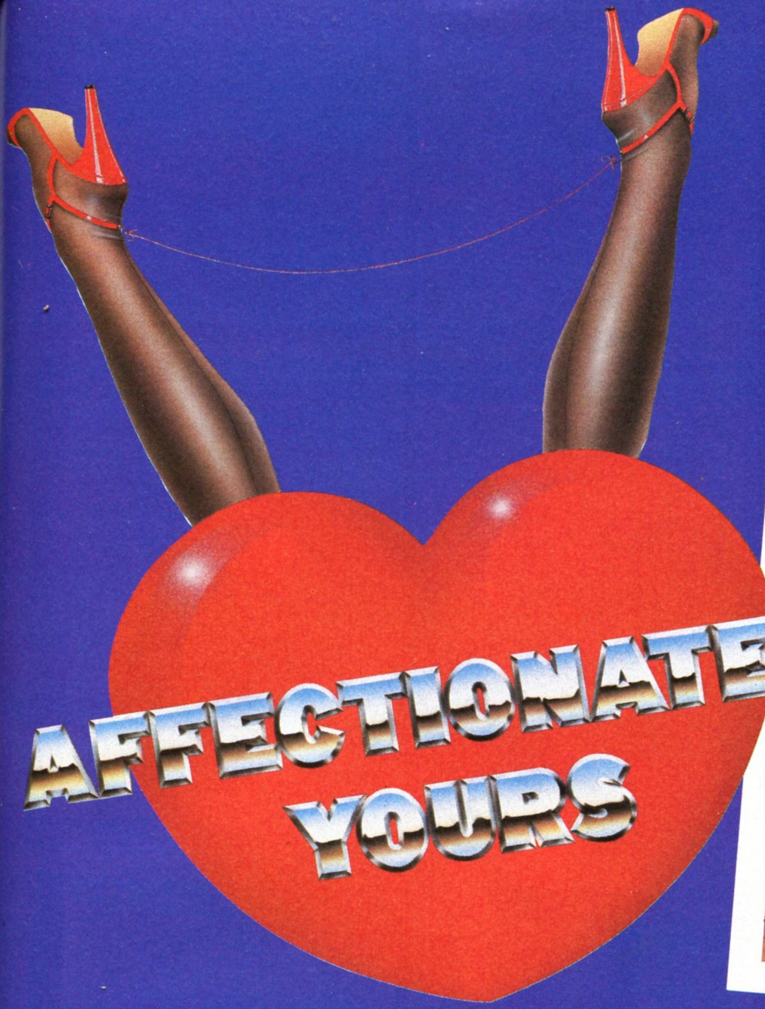
Warranty: Twelve months unlimited mileage.

Importer: Mitsui Machinery Sales (UK) Ltd, Oakcroft Road, Chessington, Surrey KT9 1SA.



Miranda

Photographs by Paul Diamond



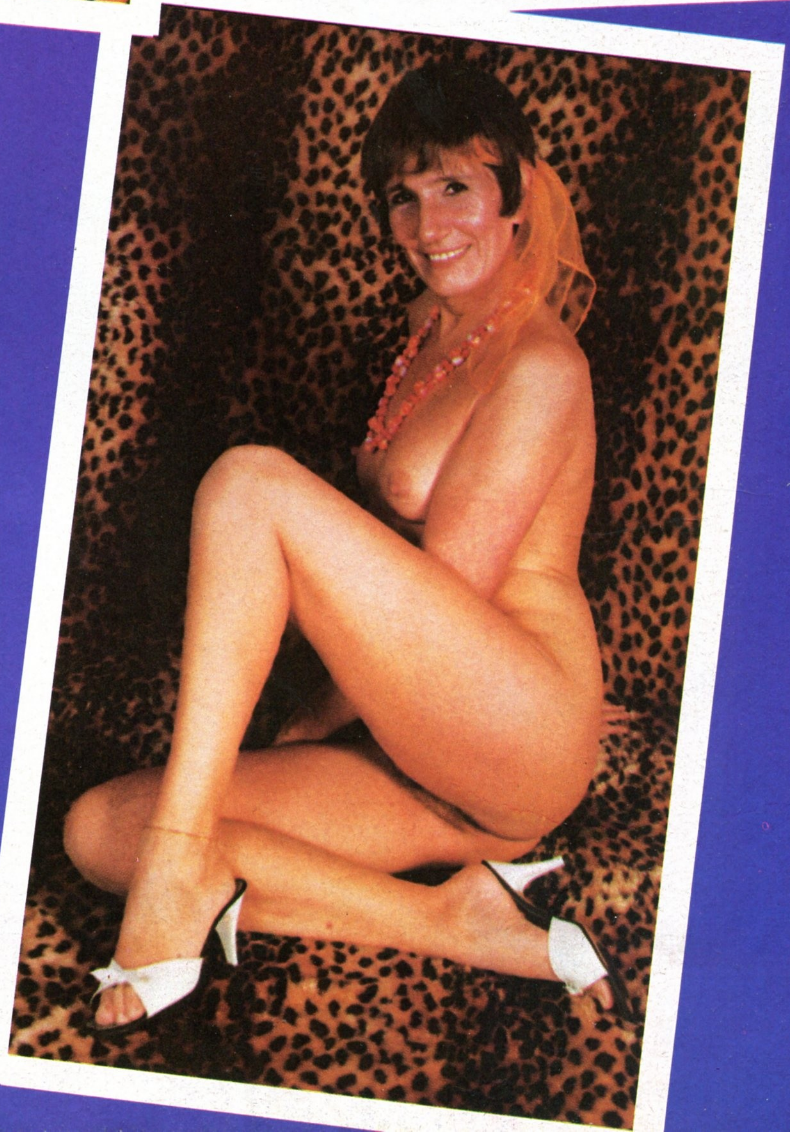
AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

These pages are available for you to show off any object dear to your heart. We pay £25 for each entry, irrespective of the number of photographs, on receipt of an invoice or claim. We cannot guarantee return of pictures.

Ronelle won't be able to see these pictures of herself in her native South Africa, thanks to the powers that be, but we're grateful she thought enough of others to do the business for us.

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

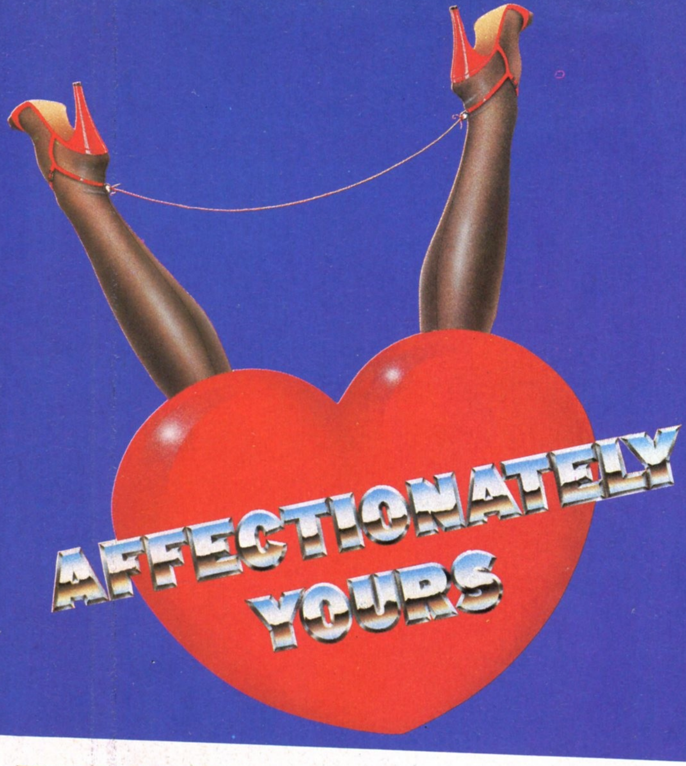
This page: Full of the joys of spring – that's the lovely Ann, from Lincolnshire.
Far right: This mother of two has a body which simply knocks spots off the opposition.



AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

Here we have a French lady, Josette, who possesses the epitome of 'push-button' nipples.

Below: The shapely features of Sue, from Sussex.
Below right: Voluptuous Veronica, who hails from Hull.


AFFECTIONATELY
YOURS

This page: Dressed in black she may be, but there's nothing mysterious about Elène!

Above: For those of you who like 'em smooth, they don't come any smoother than Gill.
Below: Helen, from Croydon, looks happy at the prospect of a long, hot bath. Or does she have other plans . . . ?

AFFECTIONATELY YOURS

Model's name ....

Address ....

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Model's signature ....

Photographer's name ....

Address ....

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Photographer's signature ....

Witness ....

Date ....

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